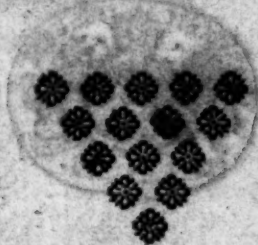


THE
BLOSSOMS
OF
HELICON.

By W. WOTY. *R*



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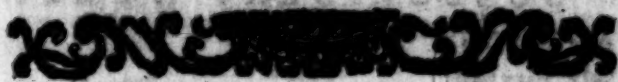
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T H E

BLOSSOMS of HELICON.

* *The Beginning of the First Book of ABEL,
to the End of ADAM's First Prayer, attempt-
ed in Blank Verse, from Mrs. COLLYER's
Translation.*

HENCEFORTH be mute the Pipe, through
which I breath'd
The warbling melody of rural notes
In pastoral simplicity. No more
Vocal by me, thy sound shall charm the ear.
To bolder strains, disdaining vulgar fame
I swell my voice. Prepare I to rehearse
What happen'd to the first-created Pair
Since blissful *Eden* was no longer theirs,
And to record on memory's bright roll
His Name, who, victim'd by a Brother's rage,
His dust first mingled with his native earth.

Genius of Inspiration ! hither come
 And beam thy sacred influence o'er my mind,
 Whose tow'ring wing uplifts the daring Bard
 Beyond the starry world ; what time he sits
 In grove umbrageous ; watchful, while brown Night
 Sleeps on the lap of Silence, or when wrapt
 In thought, he muses by the flow'ry side
 Of stream, enlighten'd by the Moon's pale lamp.
 Seiz'd with a sudden Transport all-divine,
 Imagination soars an ample flight,
 On rapid Pinions mounts the steep of air
 Surveying Nature, and foresees events
 Remote, yet possible ; with eagle-eye
 Measures the *marvellous* that strikes the soul
 With force electric, and the *beautiful*
 That by degrees enchants. With treasure fraught
 Home she returns, delib'rate to arrange
 And blend the vast materials she has found.
 By reason taught to chuse and to reject,
 With wise œconomy she keeps alone
 What forms true Harmony's immortal base.
 Delightful this ! and worthy of the Muse.

Eternal honour to the studious Bard !
 Who to inspire the heart with virtue's love,
 Watches the Grasshopper's nocturnal song
 Till Morn arises in her crimson vest.

The BLOSSOMS of HELICON.

3

Posterity will crown the Poet's urn,
Who dedicates the labour of his mind
To Virtue and to Innocence. His name
Shall ever live upon the tongue of Praise,
And Reputation from her sacred fane
Unfading laurels round his tomb shall wreath:
While boastful trophies by the Victor won
Gnaw'd by the rusty tooth of hungry Time,
Shall shrivel up, and moulder into dust;
While the dead Tyrant's mausoleum stands
Un-notic'd (tho' superb) in desert wild
Where human foot has left no guiding path.

Soon as Aurora shew'd her virgin's face
Rose-tinctur'd; soon as frowning Night withdrew
Her hov'ring vapours, and the Lord of Light
Shot his first ray, and tip'd with burnish'd gold
The sable Cedars of the mountain top
Empurpling o'er the half-enlighten'd Clouds:
Abel, and *Thirza* his beloved spouse,
Their leafy couch forsook, to shady bow'r
Retiring; where the lillied Jessamine
Diffus'd its curls, and kiss'd the blushing Rose.
Shone in her sparkling eyes of heav'n's own blue
The mildest beams of tender-looking love
And virtue most immaculate, that gave
Attractive Graces to her damask cheek;
While her fair tresses on her neck of snow

The BLOSSOMS of HELICON.

In ringlets waving, and adown her back
 Loose-flowing with becoming negligence,
 Threw fresher lustre o'er her lovely form.
 Thus walk'd fair *Thirza* by her *Abel's* side.
Abel, whose forehead high, was deck'd with shade
 Of comely ringlets of the palest brown
 That o'er his shoulders in luxuriance play'd.

As when an Angel, charg'd with mild behest
 Of the *Most High*, to view of raptur'd Saint
 Comes visible in human form, and moves
 With easy dignity.—Thus *Abel* look'd,
 Thus *Abel* mov'd. A manly graceful air
 Of thought, was added to his brow serene,
 Each heightening each; but yet the veil he wore
 So ravishingly caught his *Thirza's* eyes,
 That thro' the veil the heav'nly Angel shone.
Thirza with looks of most endearing love,
 Smile-beaming, fondly to her *Abel* cry'd.

“ The Birds awake, and chaunt their morning song,
 “ Whilst *Eccho* imitates the pleasing notes.
 “ Now in these Pastures where rich Plenty fits
 “ To feed her Lambs; oh! let me hear again
 “ Thy Hymn of yesterday. Still on my ear
 “ Strikes the sweet music. Once more let me catch
 “ The sacred sound, and I will join the strain
 “ That swells in holy praises of the LORD.

The BLOSSOMS of HELICON.

5

“ Thy melody inspires my bounding heart
“ With transports pious, and to hear thee speak
“ Those exquisite sensations that I feel
“ Yet cannot utter, is a bliss divine
“ Equal almost to Paradise itself.”
When *Abel* thus with tender chaste embrace :

“ My lovely *Thirza* ! thy request I grant,
“ No sooner do thy eyes divulge thy wish,
“ Than to fulfil it, rapturous I burn.
“ Thus ever wish, that I by answers meet,
“ May give thee proof of pure connubial love.”

Then seated both within the fragrant bow’r,
Gilt by the splendor of the morning sun,
He bow’d himself to Heav’n——and thus began :

Retire, O Sleep ! from ev’ry eye retire !
Ye hov’ring Dreams, that vex the fetter’d mind,
Evaporate ! Once more her peaceful throne
Reason ascends, enlight’ning all the mind
Like as the morning Sun the fertile Earth.
Hail to thy lustre ! oh, resplendent Sun,
Who from behind the Cedars pour’st thy beams
Irradiating Earth ! Thy friendly rays
Give life, give colour to Creation’s face,
And every scene with new-born glory smiles.

Retire, O Sleep! from ev'ry eye. Retire!
 Ye hov'ring Dreams! back to the Shades of Night
 Retire!—Where now are fled the Shades of Night?
 Fled to the inmost Caverns of the Rocks —
 In the thick-bow'ring Grove for us they wait.
 'There shall we find them, and their cool relief
 Shall give us spirits, while the flaming Sun
 Darts perpendicular his meridian fire.

See! where the radiance of the new-born Day
 Dazling, first wakes the King of Birds.—And see!
 Where on the glitt'ring summits of the Rocks
 And on the shining Mountain's sides, sun-gilt,
 Rise Exhalations, mixing with the air
 Of Morning pure, like as burnt-offering smoke
 From altars in thick spiral wreaths ascends.
 'Thus Nature celebrates returning light,
 And pays her God the sacrifice of praise.
 Let all things in existence give him praise.
 Praise *him*, whose goodness infinite produc'd
 All Nature, and whose goodness still preserves.
 Ye springing flow'rs! gay-opening to the beam
 Of Heav'n, exhale your odours in his praise!
 Grateful return the fragrance that he gave!
 Ye wing'd inhabitants of ev'ry grove
 With shade magnificent! your little throats
 Instant attune melodious in *his* praise.

The Blossoms of HELICON.

7

Who gave you voice, who gave you melody.
Let the majestic, lordly Lion roar
Tremendous in his honour, while the Rocks
“*Remurmur to the glorious, surly sound.*”
Praise God, my Soul! *Creator!* and *Preserver!*
Before thy other Creatures, LORD! be heard
The voice of *Man*. Be gratitude his song!
In the grey twilight, at the morning's dawn,
While Birds and Beasts with Slumber's silken chain
Are bound, oh! may my solitary song
Find due acceptance at thy gracious throne,
And to thy laud invite Creation round,
Creator! and *Preserver!* of the whole!

How bright! how marvellous thy works! oh God!
The seals of Wisdom and of Goodness pure
Are stamp'd on all, Where-e'er I turn my eyes,
Nought but the traces of thy bounty fills
My view capacious. Charm'd, supremely charm'd,
Is ev'ry sense, and all my soul is love.
Weak, as I am, O God! fain would I sing
Thy praises, tho' unequal to the lay,
Maker Omnipotent! What mov'd thee first,
For ever happy in Thyself, to call
Nature from nothing! Oh! what mov'd thee first
Thou *Self-existent!* from the crumbling dust
To raise up *Man*, and animate his clay!

What! but thy goodness, and thy love-divine!
Him wast thou pleas'd to give the breath of life
For sake of happiness. — O smiling Morn
In thee I see an image of the work
Of Him, whose goodness lighted up thy charms.
When the strong-blazing God of Day dispels
The horizon's vapours, and before his steps
Drives scouling Night, all Nature smiles with joy
And feels the grateful, renovated change.
The Almighty spoke. Silence, and Night, her twin,
Heard his loud Voice. At his divine Command
Myriads of living Animals emerg'd
Forth from the teeming Earth. Flutter'd in air
The feather'd Warblers, joyfully display'd
Their shining plumage, painted by his Hand,
And fill'd th' astonish'd Woods with vocal praise,
Praise to the great *Inspirer* of their notes.
Earth again listens to her *Maker's* Voice!
In shapes innumerable rise the heaving clods
Bursting to life and motion. O'er the turf
Dress'd in gay verdure, bounds the new-form'd Horse,
And neighing, shakes his long, dishevell'd mane.
Impatient, from the cumb'rous Earth to rise,
Struggles the strong-nerv'd Lion, King of Beasts,
And tries his first, his formidable roar.
Appears in motion, big with inward life,
A lofty hill! — It bursts — it sinks again,

And from it stalks in majesty of port,
The wonder-moving Elephant, robust.

These are thy Works, Thou Great Omnipotent!
Each morn, thy Creatures summon'd by thy call
Awake from Sleep, Death's image—they awake
Surrounded by thy bounties, joining all
Unanimous to chant thy glorious praise.

The time will come, when thy immortal Name
From ev'ry corner of the Earth shall sound,
Each hill shall be an altar to thy praise,
And Man, with wonder, on thy works shall gaze,
'Till Darknefs shuts the transitory scene.

STANZAS on TRUTH.

HYPOCRISY ! than whom no ruder fiend
 E'er pour'd her venom o'er the human heart,
 Avaunt ! thou vengeful serpent in disguise !
 Nor dare unsham'd to play an honest part.

Go ! tell thy stories to the herd of fools,
 Who love to listen to thy flowing tale,
 Specious, as is the dimple of thy cheek ;
 Soft, as the whisper of the southern gale.

I spurn thy cob-web arts. For taught by *Truth*
 To square my actions by her golden rule,
 Unmov'd I stand amidst a frowning world,
 Nor fear the tongue of vulgar ridicule.

Proof against all the injuries of time,
 See ! where she sits on *Right's* eternal base.
 Perpetual bloom her countenance adorns ;
 For *Hebe* guards the lustre of her face.

Plain, unaffected, shines the decent nymph,
 And scorns the superficial dress of pride,
 Calm and serene she smiles her time away,
 Nor looks a thought, that she would wish to hide.

Beneath her, *Flattery* throws her masque aside ?
 Kneels at her feet, and lays her bosom bare ;
 Conscious, that at the potent breath of *Truth*
 Her rain-bow bubbles must dissolve to air.

Here at this shrine your frequent tributes pay,
Ye great, important authors of the age!
And learn, how much is wanting to complete
The slender volume of your title-page.

Here too ye deep-learn'd orators attend!

And see, when weigh'd in *Truth's* unerring scale,
How light appears the pompous gloss of words!
How little all your arguments avail!

What boots it, that in *Ciceronian* style
Talks the loud Senator of patriot love!
If thro' the fine-spun colours we discern
The sentiments which *Reason* can't approve.

Arm me with *Truth*—and I'll not blush to meet
His proud deportment, and his scouling eyes,
Securely cas'd beneath her ample shield,
I'll tell the bold-fac'd villain that he lies.

P O E M o n a P I N.

FOR once, ye critics, let the sportive muse
 Her fool's-cap wear, spite of the shaking head
 Of stern-ey'd gravity — for, tho' the Muse
 To frolic be dispos'd, no song she chants
 Immoral; nor one picture will she hold,
 But virtue may approve it with a smile.
 Ye sylvan deities! a while adieu!
 Ye curling streams! whose banks are fring'd with
 flow'rs,
 Vi'let and hare-bell, or the king-cup bright,
 Farewel! for I must leave your rich perfumes
 To sing the *Pin* in ever-sounding lays:
 But not that *Pin*, at whose circumference
 Rotund, the strong nerv'd rustic hurls the bowl
 Ponderous and vast: nor that which window bars
 From thief nocturnal: nor that other call'd
 A skittle; chiefly found where alehouse snug
 Invites mechanic to the flowing cup
 Of *Calvert's* Mild, o'er canopy'd with froth.
 No—'tis the *Pin* so much by Ladies us'd;
 Without whose aid, the nymph of nicest taste,
 Of neatest mould, a flattern would appear.
 Hail then, thou little useful instrument!
 Tho' small, yet consequential. For by thee
 Beauty sets off her charms, as at the glass,
Lucy, or *Phyllis*, best adapts thy point.

Without thy service would the ribband flaunt
 Loose to the fanning gale, nor on the head
 Of belle would stand her whimsical attire.
 The kerchief from her neck of snow would fall
 With freedom bold, and leave her bosom bare.
 How would the sempstress trim, thy want regret
 As she her apron forms ! And how the man
 Of law, sagacious, with his spectacles,
 On nose reverted ! frequent does he want
 Thy prompt assistance, to connect his scraps,
 And notes obliterated o'er. Thee oft
 In alley, path, wide square, and open street
 The miser picks, as conscious of thy use ;
 With frugal hand, accompanied with brow
 Of corrugated bent, he sticks thee safe,
 Interior on his coat ; then creeps along,
 Well judging thy proportion to a groat (1).
 Thro' all thy different storehouses to trace
 Thy presence, either in the sculptur'd dome,
 Or tenement clay-built, would ask a pen,
 With Points almost as various as thy heads (2).
 Where e'er thou art, or in whatever form,
 Magnificent in silver, or in brass,
 Or wire more humble, nightly mayst thou lie
 Safe on thy cushion'd bed, or kiss the locks
 Of *Chloe*, sleeping on the pillow's down.

(1) *A Pin a day, is a groat a year.* Joan Thrifty's Maxims, out of print, first published in 1680.

(2) By the bye, a Pin has but one head. *Poetica licentia* for that.

ODE for the NEW-YEAR, 1761.

I.

NOW, *Time*, rejoice! round sorrow twist thy chain!

For thou art young, thou art new-born again.

Bid ev'ry deep-mouth'd cannon roar,

And wake to mirth the sleeping shore,

And let the shrill-tongu'd trumpeter's note

On eccho's airy bosom float.

To bless and to adorn the infant year,

Bring in the van brisk health, and riches in the rear.

II.

Tho' death has laid thy mighty monarch low,

And swell'd the tide of universal woe,

Yet cease, ah! cease to mourn, for all

Must wait the tyrant's final call.

There's no reversing his decree

For he shall vanquish even *thee*.

Behold another *George* ascends the throne,

Who, like his fire, shall reign unrivall'd and alone.

III.

Thus, when by heaven's unalterable laws

The pale-ey'd star of eve its flame withdraws,

Succeeds a space of gloomy night,

And nature weeps the loss of light.

She droops her dark-bound front awhile,
But soon renews her lovely smile;
When *Hebr** chafes ev'ry fear away,
Throws night behind his orb, and dawns the com-
ing day.

IV.

Tell me, prophetic *Time*! I sue to thee;
And tho' a *Briton*, bend my pliant knee.
To rise I never will presume,
Till thou hast spoke my country's doom.
" Shall triumph-looking peace again
" Direct her dove to *Albion's* plain."
" And where abroad the cypress rears its head,
" Say! shall she plant the blooming olive in its stead?

V.

" Say, shall my Prince, who now the sceptre wields,
" Restore the harvest to *Germania's* fields?
" Shall he chastise fierce *Gallia's* pride,
" And bid her insolence subside;
" And on some future, happy day,
" Wipe every orphan's tear away,
" Unlock the urn, where *Plenty* keeps her store,
" And bid united legions rest, and war no more.

VI.

" It shall be so, " thou say'st " it shall be so,
" Nor need thy country dread th' invading foe;

* The Morning Star.

- " For chid by thy new Monarch, now
 " Old *Mars* himself to him shall bow.
 " Peace, with her gentle dove, again
 " Shall settle on *Britannia's* plain ;
 " And where abroad the cypress rears its head,
 " She there shall plant the blooming olive in its stead.

VII.

- " Thy native Prince, who now the sceptre wields,
 " Shall pour the harvest o'er *Germania's* fields,
 " The rage of *Gallia* shall deride,
 " And clip the pinions of her pride ;
 " He soon too, on some happy day,
 " Shall wipe each orphan's tear away ;
 " Ope wide the urn where *Plenty* locks her store ;
 " Bid *Freedom* soar aloft, and nations war no more."

Britons, one and all come hither,
 Whither do ye fly ? ah, whither !
 Stop, and hear the voice of *Time*
 Sounding blessings on your clime.

Touch the many chorded lyre,
 Higher swell the tone, and higher ;
 Trill the flute, the viol sweep,
 Lulling echo fast asleep.

Sons of industry and labour,
 Blow the pipe, and beat the tabor,
 And let all unite the strain,

" *Time* is now grown young again."

THE EXHORTATION.

TO thee, whose heart pants high with ardent youth,

And health redundant, — thee, thou son of earth!

Whose present fancy pencils future scenes

Pregnant with happiness remote, whose wit

Is indigested as the sick man's dream,

Whose jest impure, and mirth of folly born,

Subsist at reason's charge, the muse attunes

Her monitory voice. Nor thou, because

Her finger is indocile to the lyre,

Reject her well-meant, tho' incondite song.

Doth love of pleasure fire thy longing soul?

It doth — behold then, where the Syren stands

With face delectable. On yonder stream,

Where not a wave disturbs its easy lapse,

See to the gale she spreads her silken sails,

And beckons thee aboard her gilded bark.

And wilt thou smile applause? and wilt thou catch

Her gorgeous painted bait? Do smile applause,

And catch her gorgeous-painted bait; nor mind

What from yon bright, celestial-burnish'd cloud

That leaning angel whispers, nor regard

The God within. Go! glut thy yearning soul! —

Foe to thy peace! Why wilt thou take such pains

To unparadise thy mind ! Deluded wretch !
 But yet a little while, repentance dire
 Her scorpion shall let loose. The gilded bark,
 Which thou so late ascended, with a brow
 Of full festivity, shall strike against
 The tempest-beaten rock of deep despair.

Leaps thy fond heart for bacchanalian joys,
 While distant, most voluptuous to thy thought !
 Lo ! where the light-soul'd sons of *Comus* sit,
 Triumphant over care. No frown their brow,
 No gloom their eye deforms, but all is life,
 All social spirit, and confed'rate mirth.
 Ha ! dream'st thou so ! — join *thou* the festive train,
 Give riot scope, — let merriment usurp,
 And be thyself the comet of the night.
 Then hie thee from this tumult with a blush,
 And call it all the pastime of an hour ;
 Pastime that dies, and dying leaves behind
 The sad reversion of a thousand ills.

If thou would'st build on virtue's steady base
 Felicity's eternal mansion, now
 While vigour strings thy nerves, while fierce desire
 To vicious deed impels ; the pow'rful tide
 Of strong temptation buffet. Soon the wave
 That would o'erwhelm thee, shall subside, and sink
 Beneath thy weight superior. But thou say'st

'Tis time enough, when age gives leisure scope,
 To meditate repentance. Wrong not thus
 Thy cool deliberation. 'Tis the thought
 Of sin, of folly : For what man can give
 To future life the insurance of an hour ?
 Live well — the rectitude of living well
 The sacred page informs, and then no cause
 Of penitence hast thou. Faith with good works,
 Co-operating strong through life's short stage,
 Each adjutant with each, shall far outweigh
 All common faults that human *flesh is heir to*.
 Then think betimes, e'er yet the evil days,
 With slow, yet certain foot advance — e'er yet
 The years, the hours, the minutes shall arrive
 " When thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

O D E T O E N V Y.

I.

CHILD of ill-nature! on whose ruffled brow
Stern malice knits her inauspicious frown;
Fell canker to the bud of growing worth!
Proud selfish imp! and foe to young renown.

II.

Avaunt — nor seek to taint my honest heart —
Far be such baneful visitants away!
Where tim'rous merit sits behind a cloud,
I strive to bring her to the blaze of day.

III.

Go! court acquaintance with some sordid mind,
Pour all thy complicated venom there.
Thou hateful compound of pernicious ills,
Suspicion, falsehood, rancour, and despair.

IV.

Ah! how shall modesty her charms reveal,
While thou art near to blast her lovely name!
And while the bashful nymph comes trembling on,
Restrain her step, and vilify her fame.

V.

Possess'd with thee the pseudo-critic foams,
And gnaws his lip in agony of rage;
Then fiercely waves his litigating pen,
And frights the minor poets of the age.

VI.

But, Envy, vain is all thy rankling spite,
Impartial time thy calumny shall raise,
While gen'rous critics fan the poet's fire,
And bid his embers kindle to a blaze.

ON MODESTY.

SEE where she comes ! transcending human praise ;
With downcast eyes, that ever love the ground.

Not with more crimson hue

Looks the pure virgin rose,

Than does the blush, that vivifies her cheek,

(The glowing emblem of her spotless mind :)

The tint that nature gives

To innocence alone.

Far other colour stains the face of guilt :

Far other blushes her confusion mark,

Than Modesty receives

From Truth's immortal touch.

The zone of Chastity entwines her waist,

And Virtue's shade fits close around her neck,

As loving to be near

Perfections so divine.

Look up, sweet maid ! and with one awful glance

Yon' public harlot, *Impudence*, confound,

That would confront thy step,

And blast the charms she wants.

Look up !—and thou shalt see the convert bend

Beneath the sun-beam of thy sacred eye,

And weep to touch the hem

Of thy celestial stole.

WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE.

And to White Conduit House

We will go, will go, will go.

GRUB-STREET Register.

With'd Sunday's come—mirth brightens ev'ry face,

And paints the rose upon the house maid's cheek ;

Harriot, or Moll, more ruddy. Now the heart

Of 'prentice resident in ample street,

Or alley kennel-wash'd, *Cheapside, Cornhill,*

Or *Cranborne*, thee for calcumens renown'd

With joy distends. His meal meridian o'er,

With switch in hand, he to *White Conduit* house

Hies merry-hearted. Human beings here

In couples multitudinous assemble,

Forming the drollest groupe that ever trod

Fair *Islingtonian* plains. Male after male,

Dog after dog succeeding—husbands—wives—

Fathers and mothers—brothers—sisters—friends—

And pretty little boys and girls. Around,

Across, along, the gardens shrubby maze,

They walk, they sit, they stand. What crowds
press on

Eager to mount the stairs, eager to catch

First vacant bench or chair in *long-room* plac'd.

Here prig with prig holds conference polite,

And indiscriminate the gaudy beau
 And sloven mix. Here *he*, who all the week
 Took bearded mortals by the nose, or fat
 Weaving dead hairs, and whistling wretched strain,
 And eke the sturdy youth, whose trade it is
 Stout oxen to contund, with gold-bound hat
 And filken stocking strut. The red-arm'd belle
 Here shews her *tasty* gown, proud to be thought
 The butterfly of fashion : and for once
 Her haughty mistress condescends to tread
 The same unhallow'd floor—'Tis hurry all
 And ratling cups and saucers. Waiter here,
 And waiter there, and waiter here *and* there,
 At once is call'd—*Joe—Joe—Joe—Joe—Joe—Joe*,
Joe on the right—and *Joe* upon the left,
 For ev'ry vocal pipe re-echoes *Joe*.
 Alas poor *Joe*! like *Francis* in the play
 He stands confounded, anxious how to please
 The many-headed throng. But shou'd I paint
 The language, humours, custom of the place,
 Together with all curt'sys, lowly bows,
 And compliments extern, 'twould swell my page
 Beyond its limits due. Suffice it then
 For my prophetic muse to say. " So long
 As fashion rides upon the wing of time,
 While tea and cream and butter'd rolls can please,
 While rival beaux, and jealous belles exist,
 So long, *White Conduit House*, shall be thy fame."

THE MORALIST.

TEACH me, oh sacred Muse ! for under thee
Who would not wish to study ? teach, I pray,
That, whatsoever object strikes my sight,
From thence thy young disciple may grow wise.
The simplest scene which nature's pencil draws,
Affords morality. The sloping lawn,
Where nature sleeps upon her velvet couch ;
The hill, first favour'd with Aurora's kisses,
And lowly vale, where plenty feeds her lambs,
Convey their lessons to reflecting man.
Canst thou, *Lothario*, view th' attendant flow'rs
Scenting the mead matur'd ? canst thou behold
The rivulet's liquid path ; and on the hedge
Contemplate the wild nosegay, and be dumb ?
Will not thy mind vouchsafe to entertain
Ideas most celestial ? For a while
Into thyself descend. Each purer thought
Collect. Whatever is terrene, refine.
Then ponder on the great, efficient cause,
And let thy soul th' omnipotent adore.
Where canst thou dart thy eye, and not discern
The deity apparent ? Search the grot,
Trick'd with diversity of shining shells,
Which art despairs to imitate ; the rock,

Radiant with spar, and ev'ry weeping cave
Of secret nature ; thou shalt find him there :
Shalt find him great in his minutest work
Uncircumscrib'd ; as when with solar light
He floods the plain of Æther, or ascends
The rapid whirlwind's most tempestuous wing :
As great, as when the lightning's livid sheet
He spreads, or with his red right arm he hurls
The bolt of Heav'n, and splits the sounding air.
The very stone we tread upon, contains
Of great Omnipotence a part. Confest
To speculative souls, in bladed grass
The Godhead shoots, and flows in ev'ry rill.
That rude, uncultivated bank of flow'rs,
Around whose tender roots the creeping stream
Circles, nutritious, fills the musing mind
With wonder ample, and with thought sublime.
And dost thou smile, *Lothario* ? call'st thou this
An observation trite. Trite tho' it be,
Tis useful, and the little, narrow breast
Extends, enlarges. Muse, be not asham'd
Such doctrine to inculcate. For the mind,
That eye of Man, which (tho' the pall of night
Envelop earth) shines with internal rays,
Potent and clear, can ne'er enough admire
The omnific cause. Then folly, smile thou on,
And I will pause to pity, and forgive thee.

* Mr. GARRICK in the SHADES.

A V I S I O N.

I.

'T WAS Night—and Sleep had clos'd my
weary eyes,
When Fancy sported in the Land of Dreams;
There restless did she rove from path to path,
And ponder'd on a multitude of themes.

II.

Methought at last, those regions I survey'd,
By Poets fabled the *Elysian* Fields;
Where Spring eternal decks the verdant lawns,
And guardian Peace perpetual rapture yields:

III.

There, while my eye on various objects glanc'd,
The goddess *Fame* her golden trumpet blew;
Eager to know, I swiftly urg'd my pace,
And learn'd the cause, when *Garrick* met my view.

IV:

To him sage *Betterton* his sceptre gave,
And *Booth* presented him his tragic crown;
While *Wilks* convinc'd of his superior sway,
With graceful ease his comic masque threw down.

V.

In modest attitude the hero stood,
 (For manly diffidence depress'd his mind)
 With great humility he thank'd 'em all,
 And to their hands the gifts again resign'd.

VI.

Then bowing, the *Triumvirate* he pass'd,
 And onward march'd with *Nature* by his side,
 In search of *Shakespeare* — ev'ry aid was near,
 But he, contented, chose no other guide.

VII.

With pen in hand, dropt from an Angels wing,
 The Bard he found, beneath a laurel shade;
 Then, kneeling to the comprehensive feet,
 The truest marks of adoration paid.

VIII.

“ Illustrious! rise! with transport I survey
 “ Thy striking eye, that Index of thy Mind.
 “ By *Nature* wast thou form'd to bid the heart
 “ Feel all those passions, that my Muse design'd.

IX.

“ When first I plan'd, when first I wrote my scenes,
 “ (Tho' thro' the mirror few aright could see),
 “ I prophesy'd, some future chief would live
 “ To clear the mist — and *Garrick*! thou art HE.”

The BLOSSOMS of HELICON.

29

X.

He said — and to his right-hand plac'd him close,
Full in the centre of his spacious shrine.
Loud notes of music fill'd the vault of air,
And echo rung with melody divine.

XI.

"To charm my sense, and win my fav'rite's ear,
"Long, long, cry'd *Shakespeare*, let these sounds
survive."
Pleas'd I awaken'd — better pleas'd to think
My Vision false, and *Garrick* still alive.

* H Y M N

O N T H E

A P P R O A C H O F M A Y.

I.

QUEEN of the laughing flow'r! whose lovely
waist

Fair Spring entwines with her brocaded zone,
Array'd most gorgeous in thy rainbow vest,
With joy descend from thy celestial throne.

II.

Bright on the skirt of yon carulean cloud,
In splendid majesty I see her sail,
With lavish hand she fills the lap of earth,
And with her breath perfumes the fanning gale.

III.

Now *Flora* puts her greenest mantle on,
And *Phæbus* darts a more enlightening beam,
Rearing his stately neck the silver swan
Floats lighter on the warm redundant stream.

IV.

The Stream redundant, fed by gushing springs,
Curls to the pressure of the tepid breeze.
Feeling the force of renovated life,
Nod the green summits of the neighbouring trees.

V.

Sits on its thorn the crimson-blushing Rose
And smiles, oh *May!* to meet thy brilliant eye.
Rude grows the Lilly, and unfolds its breast,
White as the fleece, that decks the vernal sky.

VI.

The Swallow twitters on the chimney top;
The merry Martin builds her plaited nest;
And clos'd within the covert of the hedge,
The loud Thrush swells his many-spotted breast.

VII.

Perch'd on yon slender pile of bavin-wood,
Too proud to mingle with the fowl below,
Expands the Peacock his eye-glitt'ring tail,
Still brighter, as he waves it to and fro.

VIII.

In this soft season, *Cupid* strings his bow,
And aims his fatal arrow at the heart.
Stung to the quick, the Virgin feels the wound,
Yet nourishes the new, the pleasing smart.

IX.

In yonder mead the lusty Rustic aids
The bonny Milkmaid with her cleanly pail,
And ever and anon he charms her air
With "*lovely BETT,*" or "*NANNY of the Vale.*"

X.

In Nature's artless language he reveals,
 True to the blushing Maid, his genuine flame.
 A lovelier hue adorns her comely face.
 How far more diff'rent is the blush of shame!

XI.

The Nymph approving of his love sincere,
 Consents the nuptial union shall be tied.
 The rites perform'd, what extasies ensue!
 He the gay bride-groom, she the happy bride.

XII.

Peace, guardian Peace, sits smiling at their door,
 Where'er they walk, Contentment marks the way.
 Constant Good-humour cloaths their honest minds,
 And ev'ry Morning of their life is *May*.

• A N

EVENING-PIECE.

I.

WHILE yet the radiant Lord of Light
Streaks o'er the western sky,
While yet beside the rushy stream
He casts his parting eye;
Shall we, *Cleora*, tread the vale,
And listen to the dying gale,
Or walk the forest lawn?
Where side by side in many a row
With transport bounds the nimble Doe
And trips the dapper Fawn?

II.

Or shall we stand by yonder Mill
And view the minnows play?
Mark, how the little finny fry
Pursue their liquid way.
Play on, ye harmless race! play on,
Soon shall your thread of life be spun,
And all your pastime o'er.
To-morrow brings your certain fate,
The School-boy holds the cruel bait,
And then ye sport no more.

III.

Look upwards, Love, and see the Lark
On Æther's bosom float.
What transport to the ear conveys
The music of his note !
Aloft he soars his airy way
And to the ebbing tide of day
Expands his speckl'd breast.
His farewell strain awhile he sings
Then flutters his resplendent wings
And drops into his nest.

IV.

Sunk is the Sun, and glows the sky
With his refracted rays,
The beautiful horizon round
Looks one continued blaze :
Till the rich colouring fades away,
Nor leaves one remnant of the day,
Still less'ning by degrees :
Then Night puts on her sable crown,
Advances with her visage brown,
And rules o'er Earth and Seas.

V.

So like the Evening of the Day,
Our transient lives decline,
When pale-ey'd Death displays his flag,
Frail Nature must resign.

This tax of life we all must pay,
'Tis folly then, and weak dismay,
To murmur, or complain ;
For like the setting of the Sun,
When all the Sand of Life is run,
We sink to rise again.

TO W I N T E R.

I.

WHAT! tho' thou com'st in sable mantle clad,
 Yet, Winter! art thou welcome to my eye.
 Thee here I hail, tho' terrors round thee wait,
 And winds tempestuous howl along the sky.

II.

But shall I then so soon forget the days,
 When *Ceres* led me thro' her wheaten mines;
 When Autumn pluck'd me with his tawny hand
 Empurpled clusters from ambrosial vines!

III.

So soon forget, when up the yielding pole
 I saw ascend the silver-bearded hop:
 When Summer waving high her crown of hay
 Pour'd o'er the mead her odorif'rous crop!

IV.

I must forget them — and thee too, O Spring!
 Tho' many a chaplet thou hast weav'd for me:
 For now prepar'd to quit th' enchanting scene,
 Cold, weeping Winter! I come all to thee.

V.

Hail to thy rolling clouds, and rapid storms!
Tho' they deform fair nature's lovely face,
Hail to thy winds, that sweep along the earth!
Tho' trees they root up from their solid base.

VI.

How sicklied over is the face of things!
Where is the spice-kiss of the southern gale!
Where the wild rose, that smil'd upon the thorn,
The mountain flow'r, and lilly of the vale!

VII.

How gloomy 'tis to cast the eye around,
And view the trees disrob'd of ev'ry leaf,
The velvet path grown rough with clotting show'rs,
And every field depriv'd of ev'ry sheaf!

VIII.

How far more gloomy o'er the rain-beat heath,
Alone to travel in the dead of night!
No twinkling star to gild the arch of heav'n,
No moon to lend her temporary light:

IX.

To see the lightning spread its ample sheet,
Discern the wild waste thro' its liquid fire,
To hear the thunder rend the troubl'd air,
As time itself and nature would expire.

X.

And yet, O Winter! has thy poet seen
Thy face as smooth, and placid as the Spring,
Has felt, with comfort felt the beam of heav'n,
And heard thy vallies and thy woodlands ring;

XI.

What time the sun with burnish'd locks arose,
The long-lost charms of nature to renew,
When pearls of ice bedeck'd the grassy turf,
And tree-tops floated in the silver-dew.

XII.

Father of heav'n and earth! this change is thine.
By thee the seasons in gradation roll;
Thou great omniscient ruler of the world!
Thou Alpha and Omega of the whole!

XIII.

Here humbly bow we down our heads to thee!
'Tis ours the voice of gratitude to raise,
Thine to diffuse thy blessings o'er the land;
Thine to receive the incense of our praise.

XIV.

Pure if it rises from the conscious heart,
With thee for ever does the symbol live.
Tho' small for all thy love is man's return,
Thou ask'st no more, than he has pow'r to give.

Notwithstanding the following elegant Performance has appeared in some of the Public Papers, I could not, out of respect to the worthy Gentleman who wrote it, refrain from giving it a place here, for the Entertainment of such of my Subscribers who have not yet had the pleasure of reading it.

A N

HYMN TO GOOD-NATURE.

Inscrib'd to our remaining Friends at MARGATE.

By the Rev. W. DODD, A. M.

Hilarisque tamen cum pondere, virtus. STAT.

HAIL, lovely Nymph; upon whose dimpled cheek

Sits ever-smiling *Candour*! thee I woe,
At morn, at eve, and in my *mid-day* song,
To bless my social walk. —Thou art the sun
Its light, its lustre to the moral world
Dispensing: darkness broods, and sullen gloom
Spreads her black pall o'er every scene of joy,
Where thy soft eyes with-hold the genial smile.

Lift to thy suitor, Nymph! extend thine hand,
White as the swan's soft down, to lead me home,
That I may dwell, for ever dwell with thee;

40 *The BLOSSOMS of HELICON.*

And hold familiar converse with thy fire
Good sense, alert and vigorous old man :
 And with thy sister *Pity* oft retire
 Into the lonely grove, to drop the tear,
 To vent the sigh humane!—For thou, sweet Nymph,
Perfection's queen, *Good Nature*,—Thou wast born
 Of *Tenderness*, the woodland fair, whom erst
 Strong *Sense*, thy fire robust, in greenwood shade,
 Fast by a brook, which babbles thro' the dell,
 By russet fern surrounded ; whom he met,
 As wearied from the chace, he sought the stream
 To slake his thirst, and graceful bore his bow
 Unstrung upon his shoulder :—There he met,
 He saw, he lov'd, and to his fond embrace
 Woo'd her, and won ; and cropt the precious rose
 Of her virginity : while *Hymen's* torch
 Blaz'd with a double splendor : thou, sweet Nymph,
 Wast the lov'd produce of their first young bliss,
Good Nature, sprung from *Tenderness*, the bride,
 And manly *Sense*, the jolly, happy groom !

Thee, thee, I wooe, sweet Nymph, at morn, at
 eve,

At noon, at mid-day ; for thy tender heart,
 Studious to kindle *Satisfaction's* glow
 In each rose-tinctur'd cheek, disdains to wound
 With slightest pain, the humblest ; thou would'st
 wipe

The tear from ev'ry eye ; and even the worm
Beneath thy feet compassionate would't save,
From the least pang of corporal sufferance !
Yet, to the stoic apathy estrang'd,
Thou can't with steady courage, probe to th' quick
The wound, thou mean't to cure ; thou can't
reprove

With all the sweet persuasion of esteem :
And give a momentary pang, to free
The worthy mind from it's ignoble chain.
Tho' on the swiftest wings of panting love
Thou would't fly forth to work a brother's weal,
Thoughtless of toil ; — yet art thou never led
An easy captive, with compliance mean,
At the soft lure of every fyren song,
That trills delusive : thou art of thy steps
No less observant, than of thy compeers,
Slow chosen, long approv'd ; and firm can't stand
The noisy dash of ignorant *Vice's* waves.
Not so that counterfeit, who oft assumes
Thy name respectful, giglet, light, and base,
Daughter of *Folly* ; whose unmeaning front
Wears the soft simper of perpetual smiles !
Unballasted by virtue, and seduc'd
Ever to follow the gay painted barge,
That with obstreperous tumult spreads its sails,
Its silken sails : as pleasures gales shall blow,
Upon *Simplicity's* most perilous main ;

Improvident of danger ; and of chart,
Of compass, and of anchor, madly void !

No, gentle Nymph, thy solid, soberer joys,
Approv'd while felt, and pleasing on review,
Thy joys, of soft benignity, I'd taste ;
Thy joys, — that give its dignity, its worth
To this life, — painful boon, when discontent
Inverts the prospect-glass, and all things kens
Enlarg'd in foul *Malignity's* thick mist.
Then, soft *Good Nature*, shed, oh shed thy light ;
Deign, Nymph, thy vivifying smile ; may all
Before my sight be beautified by thee !
Whether in solitude's meand'ring shades,
Amidst the upland copse, or by the side
Of sedgy-fringed brook, along the mead
Bedeck'd with flowers ; I stray ; thou, thou, fair
Nymph,
Illume the prospect, thou the upland copse,
And thou the sedgy fringed brook, or mead,
Bedeck'd with flow'rets, give me to behold
With placid smiles, and approbation's warmth,

When by my *Charmer's* side, my bride, my love,
List'ning I drink the music of her tongue,
Oh still and e'er be present ; give me eyes,
To trace her every amiable perfection ;
To magnify her graces ; and to draw

The veil of fond affection,—fond, not blind —
O'er her minuter foibles, whence alas !
Mortality, most refin'd, shall ne'er be free !

And as in love, so teach me to converse
In friendship's social intercourse ; oh teach
Each action to behold in fairest light :
Best motives to assign : to palliate faults ;
Exculpate, where I may : and from the worst
Extract, and hold to view the worthy part,
While for the best, the generous, and the good,
With joy exalted, I stand up, and say,
" Behold his virtues ; mark, and imitate,"
— But never may the curse of envy's guilt,
Lead me to pry out littleness and faults,
Where merit claims my praise : and basely cause
Even in a nut-shell to comprise the worth,
While half the world will scarce suffice to hold
The thousand faults, which my quick-sighted pride
Discerns in him, I envy.— Hence the thought ;
Touch with the lenient balm of thy soft love,
Good Nature, gentle Nymph, the heart morose,
The self-tormenting heart, where thoughts, like these
Corrosive gnaw ! — Or if, my social friends
With whom, regretful, late I intermix'd
The parting palm,—if hap'ly hearts like these
Be found amidst the bevy of bright nymphs,
Or swains assiduous on fair *Margate's* shore,

Ah, let us to *Good Nature* strait prefer
 A common prayer ; that either she would tear
 The black empoison'd drop forth from their breasts :
 Or wash off every tinge, defiling tinge
 Of foul *Malevolence*, in old *Ocean's* waves,
 The common purifier of human ills.

So shall a general candor dwell serene
 On every brow ; and each with generous toil,
 Shall labour to diffuse the heart-felt bliss
 Of sweet benevolence ; so a dawn of *Heaven*
 Shall beam upon the mind, where saints feel joy
 Consummate ; ever lov'd, because in love
 They ever live harmonious ; ever blest,
 For blessing is the business of their lives !

Oh while on *Margate's* sea-worn coast you tread,
 And court the rosy nymph, *Hygeia* blest,
 To your embraces, in the briny waves ;—
 May soft *Good Nature*, on each social scheme
 Attend concomitant ; whether you tread
 With jocund feet to *Draper's* *, or *Nash-court* * ;
 Or, with profound amaze, from *Light-house* *, view
 The vast domain of *Neptune*, and admire
 His azure waves, fring'd with the silver foam ;
 Whether on sober palfry, or in coach.

* Places of usual Resort near *Margate*.

Drawn by *Margatian* steeds, much toil'd, ill fed,
You visit, or fam'd *Ramsgate's* rising pier,
Slow work of public cost ; or the vast cliffs
And scenes romantic of fair *Dover* view ;
Whence late, so late we saw with cheerful eye,
The chalky face of *Gallia's* hostile coast,
Nor felt a terror, (sons of dauntless prowess,)
So near us, tho' the foe — where late we stood
Mere pigmies on the strand ; and strain'd our fight
To reach the top of that cloud-vested cliff,
Meet emblem of his *genius* *, high who towers
Above his brother bards, as that white rock,
Firm-rooted as his fame, rears o'er the rest
Its fearful nodding summit! — or if at home
In all the elegance of dress, you tread,
And give a lustre, to the sprightly *rooms*,
Where beams young love in many a *fair* one's eye ;
Where'er you pass ; ah, may the smiling Nymph
Diffuse her joys emollient : she can gild
The gloomiest scenes ; and, perfect chemist she,
Whate'er she touches, turns to purest gold !

Then farewell, oh my friends ; and, ye white cliffs,
Beneath whose tow'ring height so oft I walk'd
On the smooth level sand ; while all my soul
Was wrapt into astonishment and praise,

* *Shakespeare.*

At thy *tremendous* works, *Maker omnipotent* !

Then farewel, oh my friends ; but thou, lov'd
Nymph,

Good-Nature, sprung from *Tenderness* and *Sense*,

I bid not thee farewel ; no ; till the hour

When the Great Master summons me to leave

Terrestrial peace and harmony, for peace

And harmony, perennial, in the realms

Of bliss unutterable ; thee will I woo !

Oh, still attend me thro' the walk of life,

Smile on my brow, and triumph in my heart.—

So shall I rest me on the down of peace ;

So shall my weeping friends, when the last sigh

Declares departed life, smiting their breasts

Say — “ Lov'd he liv'd, and loving ; — peace to his
shade,

“ Embalm him, *Memory*, and receive him, *Heaven* ! ”

ODE ON HEALTH.

I.

SHE comes—and on each blooming cheek she
wears

The blush, which bright *Aurora's* pencil drew.
Her eye looks life ; she breathes ætherial sweets,
And decks her hair with glitt'ring gems of dew.

II.

She comes, and with her — *Hebe**, ever young,
The sweetest loveliest children of the skies.
Health, most good-natur'd, makes a longer stay,
But *Hebe*, charming, cruel *Hebe* flies.

III.

Oh ! while I feel thy Sister's genial ray,
Do thou, dear *Health* ! thy benison bestow.
With bounding spirits fill my thirsty soul,
And tinge my cheek with thy celestial glow.

IV.

Ah ! leave me not, unpitied and forlorn,
But listen to thy Sister's tender cry.
For me she pleads — for me she lifts her hand,
Oh ! hear her, Goddesses—hear her, else I die.

* Goddess of Youth.

V.

Grant me thy smile, and I will shape my course
To whatsoever spot thy footsteps lead.
Thro' bleating vallies, and thro' fighting groves,
Or o'er the mountains tall majestic head.

VI.

Or when the Sun imprints his virgin kiss,
Soft on the surface of the trembling wave,
At thy command I'll plunge into the flood,
And wake each drowsy Naiad, as I lave.

VII.

Lift to my Pray'r — but if thou art resolv'd
That all thy benefits to me shall cease.
Grant me some little notice to prepare
My long, long Journey to the *Land of Peace*.

S O N G

Set by Mr. BAILDON,

And sung by Mr. LOWE, at VAUX-HALL.

I.

WITH Woman and Wine I defy ev'ry care,
For life without these is a bubble of air;
Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul.

II.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
I never shall alter my conduct for them;
I care not, how much they my measures decline,
Let 'em have their own humour — and I will have
mine.

III.

Wine, prudently us'd, will our senses improve;
'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;
And *Venus* ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
As when *Mars* bound his head with a branch from
the vine.

D

IV.

Then come, my dear Charmer! thou Nymph half-
divine!

First pledge me with Kisses — next pledge me with
Wine.

Then giving, and taking, in mutual return,
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

V.

But should'st thou my passion for Wine disapprove
My bumper I'll quit to be blest'd with thy love;
For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

* S O N G.

I.

SWEET are the banks, when Spring perfumes
The verdant plants, and laughing flow'rs.
Fragrant the v'let, as it blooms,
And sweet the blossoms after show'rs.
Sweet is the soft, the sunny breeze,
That fans the golden orange-grove ;
But oh ! how sweeter far than these
The kisses are of her I love.

II.

Ye roses ! blushing in your beds,
That with your odours scent the air.
Ye lillies chaste ! with silver heads
As my *Cleora's* bosom fair.
No more I court your balmy sweets ;
For I, and I alone, can prove,
How sweeter, when each other meets,
The kisses are of her I love.

III.

Her tempting eyes my gaze inclin'd,
Their pleasing lesson first I caught.
Her sense, her friendship next confin'd
The willing pupil she had taught.
Should fortune, stooping from her sky,
Conduct me to her bright alcove.
Yet, like the turtle, I should die,
Deny'd the kiss of her I love.

THE OAKEN TOWEL.

By NOLL BLUFF.

OH! for some portion of that Great Sublime,
That diction *Philippean*, which emblaz'd
The *Splendid Shilling*—then this Heart of Oak
Should live remember'd by each bard, and prove
A lasting cudgel for the critic's pate.

To powder'd beau, and to exhausted rake,
Tott'ring with spindle-shank, the cane I leave
Clouded, or plain, whose rich embellish'd head
Is proudly capt with ornamental gold,
And fraught with forms antique of bas-relief.
Be mine the sturdy plant of *British Oak*
Unpolish'd, unadorn'd! the solid branch
I grasp, I wield. Rough insolence, give way!
Or thou shalt reel beneath my nervous arm.
By thee I dare the little snarling cur,
And mastiff open-mouth'd. Ye lownging sons
Of land *Hibernian*, on whose brazen front
Sits arrogance unequal'd, in whose chairs
Oft lolls the son of folly—By your leave
My pass-port do I claim: and ye, whose tongues
The midnight hour proclaim—both ye with voice

Feeble, as are your frames, and ye with lungs
 Hoarse, as the roaring boatswain, give me room !
 Room o'er the hollow pavement, or your poles
 Shall prove, but rushes to my firmer shield.
 Menace me not; for by the fractur'd head,
 The nose ensanguin'd, and the clos'd up eye !
 By batter'd temples ! by the *Cornish* hug ;
 The punch stomachic, and the fall severe !
 By these ! By all that of *Broughtonian* skill
 Ye boast ! I swear—my resolute emprise
 Ye shall not stagger—therefore give me way,
 Nor rashly brave my desperate resolve.
 Talk not to me, ye slaves ! of roundhouse dire,
 Nocturnal constable, or justice grave.
 Weak are your threats. Your canting flow of words
 My *argumentum baculihum* far exceeds.
 Avaunt—behold I have a weapon tough,
 A better never did a low ring tar
 Sustain intrepid; and I've seen the night,
 That with this little arm, and this good Oak,
 I've beat my way thro' all your lanthorn'd hosts.
 No more of that—'twas victory ill-tim'd.

Behold yon sailor from exotic clime
 Arriv'd, his manly features deeply bronz'd
 By suns *American*. Beneath one arm
 He tows his *Susan*, while his other shakes
 Stout Oaken Towel, and with that defies

The strutting gladiator's harmless sneer.
Before him flies the school-boy in affright,
And cautious porters sneak without the post,
With eye askant, not caring to resist
Champion so formidable. Forward tramps
The hero of the path, and levels all
Who singly dare to check him in his way.
Then if perchance his rendezvous he joins
In alehouse snug, where with his comrades gay
He revels blithe, and to the fiddle's tune
Beats time horapipical, with graceful air
His plant he holds, or twirls it o'er his hand.

But lo! my friend! how droll wouldst thou
appear,
If golden head emboss'd, adorn'd thy knob,
Accompanied with ferule similar,
Thy trunk yet unembellished. Thus the man
Hight country esquire, inconsistent looks,
When on his boorish head he chucks the hat
Cock'd by *Jack Adams*, or some tasteful wight
Of foreign growth—or when with *Gallie* pride
His thick splay-foot, he dignifies superb,
With red *Morocco* calceament high-heel'd.

But here my Oaken Towel! dost thou beam
Athwart my mind reflection's vivid ray.
Who knows where now resides thy parent stock!

Perhaps upon its native plain it stands,
 Shelt'ring both bird and beast, or on the seas
 Floats thunder-arm'd, triumphant o'er the foe,
 But be it as it may, I'll hold thee dear,
 And when rude time has shatter'd all thy form,
 Still will I thank thee for thy service past,
 And o'er my chimney hang thy remnants up.

NOTES upon the foregoing POEM,
 by CHARLES CODICIL, DANIEL DERIVATE,
 and ANDREW ALLITERATION.

BUT previous to the Animadversions on the
 Heroic above-mentioned, we must premise,
 that this Mr. NOLL-BLUFF is in no degree related
 to that passive existence pourtrayed by Mr. *Congreve*,
 in the *Old Batchelor*. Having premised this, we
 now proceed to business.

Line 1, GREAT SUBLIME,

Poeta nascitur non fit; which translated into *English*
 means — It is fit a Poet should be born so.

Therefore, all thorough-bred *nascitur Poets* may
 be known by their blood, like Running-horses; or
 by their works, like the true genuine Jesuits Drops;
 or by their stile, as we discover people of quality.

The BLOSSOMS of HELICON. 57

Thus far *Photinus*, *Gremius*, *Gronovius* and *Hecatenus*.

And from their Corollarys, Theorems, and Axioms inserted as above, we demonstrate the author of the Oaken Towel is a true Poet, because he begins with the *Great Sublime*, which no person but a true Poet could do.

Line 5, CRITIC'S PATE.

This is tautologous, because most critics skulls are already crack'd — vide their observations, interpolations, annotations, and emendations. The author should have said, *rub them down*, or *give them a rub*, or *have dusted their coats*; which last might have been of service to them; for it is very well known, although they are apt to BRUSH themselves, that they seldom brush their garments.

Line 10, BASS RELIER.

This is amazingly descriptive, and exactly correspondent to the stile of Jammy Thomson, who sang *unco weel o' the Seasons*; nay, we should have opined Mr. *Bluff* had been a legitimate Bairn of the Bard above-mentioned — only we ken cousin *Jemmy* ne'er was wed, and we cannot think Mr. *Oliver Bluff* is a Bastard Poet.

Line 15, SNARLING CUR.

Allegorical again; by Snarling Cur is meant a Critic.

Line 16, AND MASTIF OPEN MOUTH'D.

Men of mighty erudition open-mouth'd and full-mouth'd, ay, and foul-mouth'd, fly upon every author, who won't burn incense to their pedagogic consequences.

Line 19, SON OF FOLLY.

This means not that rich young gentlemen come from foolish fathers; no, on the contrary; for most of our lace-coated youth possess fortunes by the *cunning* of their parents; or else the young Bucks, Bloods, and other extra Geniuses, would have found it very difficult to have even crawled upon the face of that earth, they now gallop over.

By Sons of Folly our author means, according to *Suidas*, *Heinsius* and *Tryphonius*, those who are adapted to folly, as the members of the *keeping-it-up* clubs, sons of jollity, and sons of true wit and humour. *In whose chairs oft loll the sons of Folly.*

That is, such men are fools to loll in chairs, when they might get out and exercise themselves so well by walking.

Line 19, BY YOUR LEAVE.

It is wrong spelt, vide *Moody upon Barrington*,
and *Barrington upon Moody*: By your Lave.

Line 30, BROUGHTONIAN SKILL.

Mr. *John Broughton*, one of his Majesty's yeomen, or beef-eaters, a professor formerly of the pugnatorial science, which he carry'd on with amazing success and rapidity, until an unforeseen accident *slacken'd* him; or, as others read it, *SLACK* ended him.

While a professor, he instructed grown gentlemen of the first fashion how to throw a cross-buttock; hit in the mark; sew up an eye; tip right and left, and perform with dexterity all the other extraordinary evolutions belonging to the most eligible exercise of the fist; and so unanimous were our persons of distinction, in encouraging the propagation of this most noble science of offence, that it has been known, a gentleman of ten thousand a year has stripp'd in the street, and taken a set-to with a drayman. Nay, it used to be frequent for a Lord and a hackney-coachman to have a trial of skill together, in the bruising taste; and the person of quality has sometimes behaved so well, that it

has been a drawn battle, the judges not being able to decide which was the best man, his Honour or the Hackney-coachman.

Line 39, A LOW'RING TAR.

Read tow'ring Tar *meo periculo*, not only for the beauty of the alliteration, but because Tars are always tow'ring to the mast-head, or else love to knock down towers. Low'ring Tar is a typographical error, it should be printed *lower ring* Tar, or a Tar belonging to the lower deck, because guns have rings to them; or it may be called lower deck, or lower ring, as the bottom seat in a Cockpit is called a Ring. — Vide A, B, C, D, Annotations upon *Shakespeare*.

Line 43, VICTORY ILL TIM'D.

That is, an unlucky hour, because it is very ill-tim'd, at any time, to meddle with the watch of this city; they are the bulwark of our evening and morning liberties; a guard more certain, even than the sacred watch fowls of the Capitol.

All honour to our POLICE; all praise to our watchmen; they are ever wakeful to give the alarm at the first burst of fire; by their activity, every water-plug is at once laid open, as they

know to a pebble where the pipes are ; and are as certain of the houses where every turn-cock lives.

By them upon the first shriek defenceless women are protected from the lawless sons of riot ; by their diligence and integrity not a strumpet now can, spider like, seize upon her 'prentice prey ; our streets no longer in an evening are infested with such unhappy infamies ; for it is not with the watchmen of the city of *London*, as it was with men of the same occupation in *Caligula's* time, those base-minded *Romans* took poundage of the Street-walkers.

Line 49. STRUTTING GLADIATOR.

Not a fighting Gladiator, but one of those folks who are called Swordsmen ; though they wear their swords only for show ; as we call people who can't read, poor scholars — not scholars who are penniless. So these are not Gladiators fighting, but strutting — and only look like fighters.

But we beg leave to observe, that some people on the Lord's-day dress like lords (the Lord help them, if *Noll's* cudgel comes athwart them) he will make 'em lay by their swords, and brandish their shears, curling-irons, cupping-glasses and stew-pans, as they ought to do, being what they were bred to,

and what even at this present writing they get their bread by.

Line 54. LEVELS ALL.

This, as another great Commentator observed upon another great Poet's Essay, is metaphysical, mystical, metaphorical, and mathematical.

It means metaphysically, a set or sect who have lately assembled together like *Methodists*, *Moravians*, and *Muggletonians*, and proclaimed themselves *Sons of Ulster*, which was mystical.

It is metaphorical, because they intended to destroy image-worship, therefore they rushed into the gentleman's house and broke the looking-glasses, *Chinese Mandarins*, and *Dresden China* figures, and all fences, and yew-trees cut out into the forms of birds, beasts, and fishes, they destroyed as idolatrous, they laid them flat or parallel to the ground mathematically, therefore they were called LEVELLERS.

But *Brumius* and *Bremius* suppose, that these were no more than like *Whig* and *Tory* in *England*, two parties set up in opposition to each other. That the LEVELLERS were the *Country Party*, and the ENCLOSERS were the *Court Faction*.

Line 59. HORNPIPICAL.

*'Tis not enough the words give no offence,
The sound must be an echo to the sense. POPE.*

Not any words among all Homer's Dialects, not any word among the Arabian names for a Lion, nor any word in the catalogue of the different species of Moss, can be so significant, so analogous, so correspondent to the subject, as this word *Hornpipical*.

Hornpipical! can any person forbear footing it at the bare pronounciation of the word, — *toll, loll, doll, de roll* — I am an old man at present, very weak from a violent fit of the gout, and yesterday was the first day these four months that I have been able to bear my shoe up at heel — what then? as soon as ever I read *Hornpipical*, I could not help being in dancing spirits.

OLD CODICIL.

Line 62, KNOB.

Pro *nod* vel *noddle*. See *Sarmonicus* his dissertation upon heads — in his 7th Chapter upon *Caput*. When he makes a physical distinction 'twixt *Knob*, *Head*; *Brain*, *Box*, *Noddle*, and *Idea-room*.

Line 72, VIVID RAY.

Allusion to a man when he has a blow upon the skull with a stick, his eyes will strike fire.

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Line 79, STILL WILL I THANK THEE.

This is an instance of the author's great benevolence, and very different from the ingratitude of these times, when the only method to destroy an acquaintance is to do him a favour.

We cannot take our leave of the author, without congratulating him on his success in fertilising so barren a subject——

*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed e fumo dare
Lucem cogitat.* HOR.

And now reader, we hope we have in these interpolations and emendations behaved as true scholiasts ought, who, although they may not give the immediate meaning of the text as the author designed it, give the meaning the author should have designed; for the Critic's explanations are the Reader's leading-strings, by which he is upheld and directed.
VALE.

* V A U X - H A L L.

*A Specimen of Fine Writing, in Imitation of
several Authors.*

I.

COME dear *Aurelia*, to *Vaux-hall* repair,
And taste the verdure of the sparkling air,
Nor let the pavement of the brilliant eve
One azure whisper of our eyes receive.

II.

To blooming joys, the umbrageous shade invites,
And ev'ry tree is crimson'd with delights,
From leaves frondiferous purple odours rise,
As if they meant to kiss the purling skies.

III.

And hark! what vocal music meets my eye!
Tell me, my charmer, is't a crime to die,
When sounds, like waves, in tepid surges roll,
Arrest, enchant, and trillify the soul?

IV.

How sweetly dulcet, *Organnetto* plays,
While ev'ry finger sweeps the silent lays,
And to the gentle, concert-loving trees,
Repeats the chorus of the warbling breeze.

V.

Behold! where *Milton* on the verdant green
Presents the waftage of his flowing mein;
Alive he seems, as when the mountain side
To *Neptune* bow'd, and floated on the tide.

VI.

Now flame the lily lights, and all above
Rings to the vernal harmony of love.
Below, the swift ætherial spirits talk,
Swim in the dance, and trip it as they walk.

VII.

So look the Doves, when fair *Pomona's* hand
Has thrown her mantle o'er the shining sand.
Hills, Dales, and Groves, in pleasing plight appear,
And all creation tunes the liquid year.

S T A N Z A S

Written in a WOOD.

A SCENE, like this, can seldom fail to please,
Where friendly boughs a quiv'ring shade
diffuse.

Here on this turf let me recline at ease
And hold sweet converse with the *sylvan muse*.

Thee let me worship with obedience true,
Whom pastoral simplicities adorn,
When eve puts on her sandals wash'd in dew,
When earth receives the virgin kiss of morn.

Oh! let me frequent from the plains retire,
And to thy cool refreshing grotts repair,
When sultry *Phabus*, with meridian fire,
Scorches the panting bosom of the air.

Shew me, kind *Druid*, some pacific dale,
From tumult lead my willing footsteps far,
Nor let me hear the sadly-sounding tale,
Of armies victim'd in the field of war.

On me, ambition! may'st thou never prey,
Nor discompose one feature of my mind!
Enough! — thou snatch'd my *Paridel* away,
Who left his pensive *Altamont* behind.

Perhaps ev'n now, while here the rustic lay
I tune, contemplative o'er nature's page,
Thousands stand forth in terrible array,
And hosts with hosts in deeds of death engage.

Full many a tear to come will mothers shed,
In all the raving impotence of woe ;
And many a father for his darling dead,
Will feel the pang that none but fathers know.

Happy for me, that underneath this shade
I sit sequester'd from the busy throng,
Here struggling rills rough gurgles thro' the glade,
And listen to the black-bird's mellow song.

What ! tho' fair *Iris* * sits not on thy wing,
Nor sprinkles on thy breast her heav'nly dye ;
Sweet harmonist ! I'd rather hear thee sing
Than all the noisy minstrels of the sky.

Why dances thus yon butterfly so gay,
Beating the air in many an idle ring ?
Go, spread thy colours to the noon-tide ray
And bid the painter emulate thy wing.

Loft is the lustre of thy filky vest,
Here, where no multitudes it's gloss descry ;
Hence, where spectators may observe thee best,
Nor hide thy tinctures from the public eye.

* Feign'd to preside over the Rainbow.

With awful gloom the solemn place is fill'd,
No splendid object strikes upon the sight,
Save where the sun the dark-brown scene to gild,
Draws his long measuring line of radiant light.

High over-head is perch'd the clam'rons rook,
Croaking harsh notes from her discordant tongue!
With secret pleasure she surveys the nook
Where she has built the cradle for her young.

Here let me muse, until my eye beholds
The glimm'ring moon and brilliant stars appear,
Untill the last, low, tinkling of the folds
No longer tremble in attention's ear.

Then homeward let me meditate my way,
Wrap'd in the silence of angelic thought,
Each glowing orb with wondering eye survey,
And praise the great director, as I ought.

• THE COMPLAINT.

I.

WHY to the Muse should I my courtship pay,
 As yet a Minor in her letter'd train?
 Why, since no patronage protects my lay,
 Her fav'rite smile should I attempt to gain?

II.

Were it not better, *Crito*, to pursue,
 The dry, the formal study of the Laws?
 To bar my eyes from one poetic view,
 Nor drink the sound of musical applause.

III.

Ah me! it must be so — the hand of fate
 Has chain'd me captive to the lab'ring oar.
 In vain I struggle in my fetter'd state,
 Nor one kind gale will waft my bark before.

IV.

Vain are my efforts to oppose the tide,
 And vain this course to reach Preferments shore,
 When parsimonious Nature has deny'd
 The strength of judgment, and the nerve of
 pow'r.

V.

Then since my fate has fix'd me for a slave,
Farewell all future transport for the *Nine* !
The noble gifts that Education gave,
Tho' painful be the thought, I here resign.

VI.

O pure-ey'd Fancy ! mistress of delight !
Soft o'er your sacred groves no more I stray,
Whose meads my steps were wonted to invite,
Where azure vi'lets mark'd the fragrant way.

VII.

Let me forget those raptures of the soul,
Which erst I caught at *Shakespeare's* honour'd
shrine ;
And mem'ry ! blot the passage from thy roll,
When *Milton* fill'd my breast with rage divine.

VIII.

The Muse's thoughts then let me cease to write ;
Or if I write, let Virtue gild the lay.
So shall my numbers, in the Critic's spite,
Survive beyond the period of a Day.

IX.

But how shall Genius operate in chains !
Or how, un-succour'd, shall it hope to rise !
Born free, all servile notions it disdains,
And un-assisted, in oblivion dies.

X.

So, (should the Sun with-hold its vital ray)
 The opening blossom of the vernal year
 Would hang its beauteous head, and shrink away
 For want of warmth, dissolving with a tear.

* S O N G.

I.

DOUBT the morning and evening dew,
Or the blush of the vermil-ey'd rose ;
Doubt the vi'let so sweet and so blue,
Or the fairness that lillies disclose.
Doubt the snow on the mount to be white ;
Doubt the trees that you see in the grove ;
Doubt the beams of the Sun to be bright ;
But oh ! never doubt that I love.

II.

Doubt the music that strikes on your ear,
Or the vision so plain to your eye ;
Doubt the chrystaline gem to be clear,
Or the stars that enlighten the sky.
Doubt the council of truth can betray,
Or constancy's longing to rove ;
Doubt wisdom can lead you astray ;
But oh ! never doubt that I love.

* TO INDUSTRY.

I.

QUEEN of the fertile Globe! at whose
command,
Thy daughter Plenty fills the teeming land.
Oh! dawn success upon my lay,
Nor from thy care the Bard remove;
The Bard, who pays due homage to thy sway
Is no inferior object of thy love.

II.

Genius of Arts! behold fair Sculpture stand,
The bold, life-looking image of thy hand.
Close by her, Painting takes her seat
With eye intent on Beauty's line.
And with thy pencil labours to compleat
Her comprehensive, uniform design.

III.

Cultur'd by thee, more florid blooms the rose,
More bland, the modest, white-rob'd lilly blows.
Whatever strikes the raptur'd sight
In beds of flowers, we owe to thee,
Thine is the fount, from whence we drink delight,
Thou sweetest nurse of *Flora's* progeny!

IV.

Without thee, brown-hair'd *Ceres* would throw down
In weeping mood her wheat-encircl'd crown.

No longer would the nymph at ease
Recline upon her barley-mow;
Nor more her active, busy mind would please
With thoughts of future harvest from the plough.

V.

Thy Sons she beckons to her moving plains,
Her treasure interchanging for their pains.

And lo! with sickles in each hand
Thy stout laborious sons appear,
In jocund attitude prepar'd they stand
To reap the produce of the autumnal year.

VI.

Hence the brown sparkling glass delights the eye
Round the gay board, while Mirth sits laughing by.

Hence Poverty exalts her head,
And feels again one chearful hour,
Supremely pleas'd she breaks the public bread,
And thanks the hand that plac'd it in her pow'r.

VII.

But should thy Poet turn his raptur'd eyes
To where thy proud imperial cities rise,

What vast ideas of thy wealth
 Would crowd upon his wond'ring mind,
 To meet thee circling, like the breath of health,
 And as th' enlarging ocean unconfin'd!

VIII.

Hence stately Commerce spreads her ample sail,
 And gives un-aw'd her streamers to the gale.
 Her ship with various treasure fraught
 O'er *Neptune's* heaving bosom rides;
 Her ship, which thou hast built and proudly taught,
 To brave the winds, and triumph o'er the tides.

IX.

Thee I acknowledge Mistress of the Sea;
 For Navigation learn'd her art from thee;
 And but for thee, thou soul of trade!
 In vain would surly *Neptune* roar,
 No distant climates would be then survey'd,
 And foreign intercourse would be no more.

X.

All hail! ye Spirits of extensive Hearts*,
 Who in Life's *drama* act your useful parts!
 Who bid the industrious artist rise
 To heights, whose flight your aid has taught,
 Whose Index points to Fame's eternal skies,
 Whose pow'rs up-hold, and fledge the wing of thought.

* The Society for Encouragement of Arts and Sciences.

* LOVE FOR LOVE,

OR,

The AMOROUS STRUGGLE.

I.

AS I and *Harriot*, lovely maid,
To seek a vagrant lambkin stray'd,
O'er hill, o'er dale, and grove :
Beneath yon myrtle's fragrant shade,
Upon the flow'ry turf was laid
Asleep, the God of Love.

II.

Wak'd by her voice the urchin rose,
And from his painted quiver chose
The most prevailing dart,
With fatal skill his bow he drew,
Swiftly the potent arrow flew,
And pierc'd my tender heart.

III.

To *Harriot* I disclos'd my pain,
I sigh'd, I swore, but all in vain ;

Her Heart was steel'd with pride,
 She blush'd, she frown'd, and cry'd — give o'er,
 I'll hear this hated theme no more,
 And turn'd her head aside,

IV.

Oppress'd with anguish and despair,
 Confus'd I left the haughty fair,
 And sought the woodbine bow'r,
 Where *Harriot* oft alone with-drew
 From rural sports, and public view,
 T' enjoy the evening hour.

V.

When *Phæbus* had his beams with-drawn,
 And glitt'ring dew-drops bath'd the lawn,
 Still pensive here I lay ;
 When lo ! the beauteous maid drew near,
 And eas'd my anxious breast of fear,
 As thus she deign'd to say.

VI.

“ Ah ! custom, cruel to our sex !
 “ Why is poor *Harriot* forc'd to vex
 “ The swain her heart approves !
 “ Or why with insolent disdain,
 “ Should she exult in *Damon's* pain,
 “ Whom more than life she loves !

VII.

- " Ye powers! might I without controul
" The soft emotions of my soul
 " To the lov'd swain impart,
" Might I the tenderness disclose
" Which in my faithful bosom glows,
 " Void of delusive art;

VIII.

- " Aided by love, I'd fly to find
" *Damon* the glory of mankind,
 " And scorning mean disguise,
" To the dear youth I'd freely own
" The sighs, that rose for him alone
 " Chas'd slumber from my eyes.

IX.

- " Alas, fond girl! thy swain would scorn
" The easy conquest; and forlorn
 " Poor *Harriot* would be left;
" Jeer'd by each Nymph that treads the plain,
" Despis'd by each relentless swain,
 " Of every joy bereft.

X.

- " Unhappy sex, by custom taught,
" To veil a virtue with a fault,

" And cover love with pride,
 " With falshood hide the heaven-born flame,
 " With cruelty degrade a name,
 " To no such vice ally'd."

XI.

Grief stop'd her tongue—I rose in haste,
 With tenderness the Nymph embrac'd,
 And all my vows renew'd.
 Confusion doubl'd ev'ry grace,
 The trembling blush, that deck'd her face,
 My ev'ry power subdu'd.

XII.

Kneeling, I cry'd, dear *Harriot* ! hear,
 Thy faithful vot'ry's ardent prayer,
 My generous flame approve,
 No low desires my breast debase,
 No time that passion can efface,
 Where reason cements love.

XIII.

Let not my fair retain a fear,
 This kindness makes thee doubly dear
 To *Damon's* grateful breast ;
 Propitious God of Love ! inspire
 My *Harriot* with thy genuine fire,
 And I'm supremely blest.

XIV:

'Twere vain, cry'd *Harriot*, to decline,
My *Damon*! I am wholly thine,
Here ever let me rest;
Propitious God of Love! inspire
Our faithful breasts with mutual fire!
And both are fully blest.

TO SOLITUDE.

PARENT of musing! sober matron, hail!
 May I presume with humble step to approach
 Thy private hermitage!—Disdain not thou,
 To bid a stranger welcome to thy board!
 For guest, like me, thou ne'er didst entertain,
 So similar in all things to thyself.
 Lov'st thou the church-yard walk, where graves,
 tho' mute,
 Speak truths instructive? Lovest thou the gloom
 Of copse thick-hazel'd, where from mould'ring
 stump
 Issues the crawling adder?—Or the grove
 Magnificent with shade, on whose tall top
 The cawing rook with busy foresight builds
 His airy tenement?—I too can love
 The church-yard walk, the gloom of hazel'd copse,
 And rooky grove, magnificent with shade.
 Or, all beside yon dell-surrounded rill
 Hadst rather loll, and on the liquid floor
 Behold the pebbles dance—Or view the fly
 Pillowing on couch of moss?—Or, is't thy choice
 To visit oft with trembling foot and slow,
 Yon ivy-fringed turret, down whose wall

Old ruin nods dependent ? On whose brow
(Where sculpture almost chizzel'd into life
The marbl'd form) time smiles at human art,
And ev'ry feature crumbles into dust ?
These haunts too please me, — for where'er thou
goest

I go concomitant ; thy vestige trace,
Slow-straining up the hill, or down the vale
Precipitant — fast by the reedy marsh,
Or bank, sedge-border'd, of yon sleepy stream.
Whence comes that smile ? Sure presage that thy
mind

With satisfaction is replete. Dost hear
The black-bird's mellow whistle, or the tone
Of cuckow ever-pleasing ? Yes, thou dost —
Dost hear the black-bird whistling from the brake
Melodious, and the solemn-waisted tone
Of cuckow ever-pleasing, tho' the same ?
These too I hear, together with the dirge
Of humming chafers, whizzing thro' the air
Impetuous of wing, and murm'ring hoarse
In concert indistinct. — Howe'er proud man
Such music may contemn : 'tis sacred all,
And heav'n inspires the gratulating sound.
Accept then, *Solitude*, thy sober bard,
And let me call thee sister ! to my breast
Affection shall endear thee. When perchance
Thine eyes distil the tears of grief sincere,

Sad sympathy shall deluge mine, and steal,
Oh fraud good-natur'd! half thy care away.
And oft as *Momus* hangs upon thy cheek
His flag of risibility, I too
Each steady, stern-fix'd feature will relax,
And join thy laugh against a world of folly.
But blest with thee my prospect ends not here,
To speculation limited alone;
For when, abstracted from the busy walk
Of public multitudes, then stands the mind
Within itself collected: much reflects,
And much compares, educing good from ill;
Till more exalted, heav'n-ward it ascends,
And measures out, with super-human joy,
Its future sky-path to eternal glory.

BEAU DAPPER'S SOLILOQUY.

IN PRAISE OF SNUFF.

BEHOLD young *Dapper* in his elbow-chair
The gallant, smart *Adonis* of the fair!
His paper-box replete with sweet *Rappee*
He holds, and pinches the contents with glee.
But hark! he speaks in soft poetic strain,
Snuff the lov'd theme—for Snuff inspires his brain.

- " Let abject souls the clay-form'd tube assume;
- " And suck *Virginia's* sleep-creating fume.
- " I scorn to smoke, or chew the nauseous *quid*;
- " Avert it fashion! Decency forbid!
- " While they delight the fiery plant to puff,
- " Be mine to praise the qualities of Snuff!
- " 'Tis this alone, that constitutes the beau,
- " And fills his nostrils with a purer glow,
- " Supplies his head-piece with ideas new,
- " And lends fresh spirit to the billet-doux.
- " By this each card more brilliant he indites,
- " Smiles when he reads, and giggles while he writes,
- " Hums o'er a minuet, or essays to sing,
- " And leers with greater pleasure on his ring.
- " O fragrant Snuff! how does thy lively grain
- " Invigorate the lawyer's puzzl'd brain!

- " By thee more clearly he discerns the cause,
 " And solves each dry conundrum of the laws.
 " From the warm argument he scorns to flinch,
 " Whilst thou can'st kindly help him at a pinch.
 " O pleasing dust! how shall I speak thy praise!
 " Too flat my diction, and too weak my lays.
 " Thou tickling source of sentiment refin'd!
 " Great *panacea* to the drooping mind!
 " Companion and delight of all the fair,
 " From *Bet* the maid, to *Sophy* in her chair!
 " Be thou my *Vade-mecum*, I can go
 " Where trips the Jessamy, where struts the Beau;
 " Hence can look grave at *Batson's*, dull at *Peele's*,
 " Gay at the *Bedford*, politic at *Will's*.
 " Thee, *Hardham*, thee, let not the Muse pass by,
 " For oft thy jarrs have rivetted her eye.
 " Oh! were her numbers half as good as thine,
 " What strength! what warmth would animate her
 line!
 " Then should thy fame resound from shore to shore,
 " Till tongues grew mute, and echo could no more."

* S O N G.

I.

ALL hail to the sprightly bright Queen of the
May!
Who fills us with rapture, who bids us be gay,
Who scatters ambrosial perfume o'er the grove,
And wakens and rouses all nature to love.

II.

The blush that enlivens my *Florimel's* cheek,
The whiteness that sits on her bosom so sleek,
Each look of compliance she glances on me,
O Queen of the *May!* I attribute to thee.

III.

How musky the morning! how soft is the gale
That kisses the mountain and sighs o'er the vale!
How the sheep and the lambkins all revel and play,
And bleat their salutes to the Queen of the *May.*

IV.

Ye trim rosy milk-maids and shepherds advance,
And light o'er the ground beat the frolicksome dance!
Throw sorrows aside, and be festive to day,
For mirth alone pleases the Queen of the *May.*

* S O N G.

I.

YE Powers! relieve an unfortunate swain,
Permit me your help to implore.
Oh! must I for ever in anguish complain,
And see *Rosalinda* no more!

II.

Adieu then to pleasure, and welcome despair!
Soft-smiling contentment adieu!
No longer with joy to thy grove I repair,
Or find any comfort from you.

III.

The pastoral pipes, and the sweet fing'ring birds,
For me have no music in store;
The dance of the virgins no transport affords,
For ah! *Rosalinda's* no more.

* IN PRAISE OF DELIA.

I.

BRIGHT Queen of Love! thy slave inspire
To strike the sweetly-sounding lyre:
Give me to sing in softest lays
My ardent love, and *Delia's* praise.

II.

'Twere mean to say, her cheeks disclose
The freshness of the damask rose,
Or that the whiteness of her breast
By new-fall'n snow is well express'd.

III.

To glossy jet her eyes and hair,
With strictest truth I might compare;
Might say, her shape, her air, her mein,
Were such, as grac'd the *Spartan* Queen.

IV.

But this my *Delia's* scorn would raise,
Her soul's above the lust of praise;
Were praise my aim, I soon could find
More beauties in my *Delia's* mind.

V.

There heaven-born Virtue thron'd is seen,
And Modesty with eye serene;
Sweet Complaisance with graceful air,
And soft Humility is there.

VI.

With Female Delicacy join'd
All that adorns a manly mind,
Good-natur'd wit, and wholly free
From stiff reserve and levity.

VII.

When *Delia's* absence I deplore,
These floral scenes delight no more;
Whilst nymphs and swains their sports pursue,
Pensive I shun the jovial crew.

VIII.

The humble vales, the haughty hills,
The waving woods, the wand'ring rills,
Where I and *Delia* us'd to stray,
Are dismal when my love's away.

IX.

But when her presence cheers the plain
No more I sigh, no more complain,
Blithe as the birds that haunt the spray,
I hail the rising dawn of day.

X.

At eve, when *Sol* with-draws his beams,
And silver *Cynthia* gilds the streams,
Along yon river side we rove,
Whilst ev'ry word and look is love.

XI.

Superior to disguise and art,
She speaks the language of her heart,
Her faithful vot'ry's flame approves,
And sweetly-blushing owns the loves.

XII.

Grant me ye powers! this gen'rous fair!
Her smiles will soften ev'ry care,
The friend sincere, and tender wife,
Comprize whatever sweetens life.

* TO SYLVIA.

COME my *Sylvia*! haste away,
Hail the blushing new-born day,
From yon mountain's craggy brow
View the beauteous scenes below;
Woods and lawns and silver streams,
Meadows gay as poets dreams,
Cloud-crown'd hills of azure hue,
Low-clouds white with pearly dew,
Lambkins bleating o'er the plains,
Herds that low in deeper strains,
Hear the woodland choir rejoice!
Hear the shepherd's artless voice!
Love and music fill the shades,
Balmy zephyrs fan the glades,
While the echoing caverns round,
Pleas'd return the chearful sound;
But if *Damon* woos in vain,
Joyless is the shepherd's strain,
Discord murmurs thro' the grove,
Herds and flocks unheeded rove,
Dewy glades, nor azure hills,
Painted meads, nor silver rills,

Lawn, nor wood, my mind can ease,
Nor this group of beauties please,
Breezy morn no pleasure brings,
Day departs on fable wings.
While I mourn my absent fair,
'Tis winter all and dark dispair.

M

My-Morning! I owe to thee
But every splend'rid bow
The rose puts on its coron veil,
The violet forsooth its purple dress,
Hastens 't of its golden ray;
The ruby smiles upon the day,
And humble cowslip and the marigold,
The little flowers upon the road.

III.

And deem'st our pleasure mix'd with pain,
Love enters now his golden reign.

S O N G.

I.

MAY-MORNING! ev'ry praise is thine,
All nature owns thy pow'r benign.
The choral warblers of the spring
To thee their virgin anthems sing,
To thee the Linnet swells his note,
To thee the Red-breast strains his throat,
And every shrub, and ev'ry tree,
Is full of music! full of thee!

II.

The lilly now exalts its head,
And humble cowslips gild the mead,
The tulip smiles upon the day,
Enamour'd of its golden ray;
The vi'let spreads its purple breast,
The rose puts on its crimson vest,
But ev'ry splendid flow'r we see
May-Morning! owes its charms to thee.

III.

Love enters now his golden reign,
And deals out pleasure mix'd with pain.

The shepherd feels the tender flame,
And longs for joys he fears to name.
The nymph lifts up her swimming eyes,
And languishes, and pants, and sighs,
She breathes the softness of the dove,
And all her flutt'ring soul is love.

IV.

Then come, my fair, and let us prove
The dear delights of virtuous love.
For virtue dignifies the mind,
And makes the passion more refin'd.
What boundless rapture we shall taste,
When sacred *Hymen* binds us fast !
Then spring shall make her constant stay,
And every morning shall be May,

* S O N G

Set by Mr. W O R G A N.

I.

A WAKE, my beloved! my *Florimel*, wake,
 Thy shepherd, *Amintor*, is here,
 Come, shake off thy slumbers, thou queen of my
 heart!

And let me thy beauties revere.

Thy dearest companions of mirth are all up,
 Lo! yonder they trip o'er the plain,
 Oh! come, or they'll chide the neglect of thy vow,
 And never believe thee again.

II.

Oh! come, while the birds are all whistling around,
 And teaching soft echo to sing,
 While morning, profuse of unparallel'd sweets,
 Drops spice on the zephyr's smooth wing.
 Oh! now, while the sun at thy window peeps in,
 And shoots his bold rays at thy eyes,
 Oh! now, while thy shepherd, *Amintor* is here,
 Arise! my dear *Florimel*, rise!

• A R A N T on an U S H E R'S D E S K.

THOU mouldy Desk! whence oft has issu'd
forth

The scouling brow's dismay to prating lads;
That oft has heard the letter-loving birch
Twanging lactiferous, food for mothers tears;
Move me no more to curse that cruel day
Which set me down dependent, sent me here
To hunt for cobweb sustenance, among
The rents and shreds of lawless Greek and Latin.
Tempt not my vengeance, oh! ungracious name
Of *Lilly*! fam'd for substantives that stand
Proudly alone. And thou, redoubted *Holmes*!
With thy tall proofs how purblind brothers err
In the cimmerian gloom of slipp'ry *Syntax*.
Hence! to some other head, that gapes to gorge
thee.

I wallow not in mire of moods and tenfes,
No longer drink the swill of *Jowes* and *Juno's*,
Nor pore on speeches crabbed and antique.
Who will, may sift the cinders of the dead
For some stray pearl to deck *Prosodia*,
Or snuff the twinkling rushlight of *Remarks*
By dutch-built pedants gruffly dawb'd together.

'The vivid spring of Nanny's artless eyes
Around the borders of my fancy blooms,
And makes me all her own. Come, hither come,
From Aon's hills, celestial Sisters! come.
By whose dear aid upheld, I persevere
To scorn the scorn of insolent Abundance.
Bring Numbers sweet, as blest *Sicilian* swains
Hymn'd in the tender days of simple yore.
Bring with your magic Nanny to these eyes,
Unfully'd as yourselves. So shall ye bring
Whate'er of bliss firm Concord can impart.
With her dull Reason's desert would I quit,
And tune my feelings to the stretch of passion.
With her I'd play upon the wrecks of Fate,
Despise the atom-spangle of the Vain,
And in my bosom's most select recess
With love of Being, mix my love of Nanny.

* NINE CORNS.

NOT of those Corns, which nod on *Ceres'*
brow,

With rich fertility, I sing — nor those
Which dart their needles thro' the mortal toe.
My glowing lay far other Corns demand,
Virginia's produce. These light up my strains,
Kindling bright fancy's embers to a flame.
The festive board conven'd, *Hilario* fits
In clouded majesty. One hand the pipe,
And one the glass embraces. Jovial twins
To lift the soul above the reach of Care.
Raptur'd by these he chaunts the lively Song
Harmonious, or the laughter-moving Tale
Rehearses innocent, or cracks the Pun
That sets the Table in a roar of Joy.
Transports, like these, Society may boast
And Virtue warrant, save when Jest obscene
Intrudes uncomely, save when Mirth is ting'd
With aught, that tends to hurt the ear of Sense.

“ But why so much in haste, *Hilario*, say !

“ By *Raleigh's* Genius ! by Tobacco's Charms !

“ I charge thee fit. Illumine *Nine Corns* more,

“ Take t'other whiff, and be thyself again.”

Thus spoke *Philander*. Where the mighty harm,
Oh say, ye sons of Prudence! when Excess
Her midnight Bacchanalian Bowl with-holds.
Was man created to be always dull?
Ne'er to indulge his gaiety of heart
In harmless merriment? If so, the Brute
May frisk, and triumph o'er his wretched Lord.
Let the stiff Pedant rail — let peevish Age
In anger shake his crutch. Shall this disturb
My blithe, my fix'd tranquillity of soul!
No — wrapt in innocence, I'll still enjoy
Life's temp'rate feast, kick Riot from the scene,
And to their better humour smoke *Nine Corns*.

*And so, boy, bring another Paper of To-
bacco.*

• The CHIMNEY-CORNER.

WHAT! tho' the Muse with her æthereal
Wand

Ne'er touch'd me into fame, or lightly touch'd.

Tho' unpropitious to my frequent pray'r

She never wove a lasting wreath for me,

Yet have I caught some scatter'd leaves of bay

That fell unguarded from her open lap,

And round my brow presumptuously entwin'd

The precious remnants, blooming but to fade,

Contented, tho' they wither'd on my brow.

Your splendid portals, with festoons of flow'rs

Purpled by Fancy, will ye not unlock,

Ye sisters amiable! and give one glimpse

Of your enchanting Paradise — Ah no! —

For faithful Genius keeps the sacred key.

Then, Nature! thou, thy rude rough pencil lend:

Truth-fashion'd — bear me to some rural cott.

Far from the bust'ling tumult of the town,

And seat me in the *Chimney-corner* — snug,

Where crackles bavin-wood, or kindly beech

It's gen'rous heat bestows, or quadrate turf

Burns dimly to the eye. Here pleas'd I sit

Contemplative, and laugh at elbow-chair

Of costly damask, edg'd with gilded nail.

102 *The BLOSSOMS of HELICON*

Ah! what delights the carpet-cover'd floor
 Magnificent! Or *that* from *Persia's* realm
 Imported o'er; or *that* of humbler woof
 In looms *Wiltonian*!—What! the marble hearth
 Diversify'd with many a mimic cloud,
 Or ostentatious of its azure veins,
 And self adorn'd with strange unmeaning forms,
 If pure Content be wanting. This alone
 Silvers the pewter spoon, and by the aid
 Of that great Alchemist, we *Fancy* call,
 'Transmutes the basest metal into gold.
 Content! — Oh pleasing sound! thy very name
 My pulse invigorates. In quicker waves
 Bounds thro' my veins the crimson tide of life,
 And brighter looks the fluid of each eye.
 Whate'er of happiness, Idea forms,
 Beams o'er my soul its influence benign.
 Tutor'd by thee Grief thinks her burthen light,
 Great Reconciler of Events, that seem
 Improbable; for thro' thy mirror seen
 Shade turns to Substance, Poverty to Wealth.
 Queen of the placid Brow, and Eye serene!
 On whom the gloomy, rain-impregnate cloud
 No terror sheds, whose firm-embosom'd heart
 The tempest-croaking raven cannot shake,
 Come, with thy sister Patience --- hither come,
 And lead me to thy cott, where Temperance,
 Thy handmaid, holds the decent cup of Health.

Here to the Cricket's intermitting song
I listen pleas'd: nor less Grimalkin's purr
Delights me, with the noise of chattering Jay
In osier basket perch'd, beyond the reach
Of little Puppy yelping underneath;
Dame Partlett, too, attended by her brood,
Cackling her glee, the kitchen concert fills.

Here, free from Jargon, and the technic Term
Of Knowledge superficial, I regale
My nose with *Trinidad*, valu'd erst
By braggart *Bobadil*. As oft the cloud
Voluminous I raise, reflect I must
On thee, oh GARRICK! when in *Drugger's* form
Thy droll address excites the comic laugh.
Thanks to thee, Son of Nature! much of Mirth,
And much of Intellect I owe to thee.

Warm clad in humble vest, the farce of dress
I reckon not, heedless of the veering vane
Of fashion. Leave I that to playhouse spark,
Who loves to shine the Comet of the Night,
Proud in balcony, foremost in the train
Of fops, who buzz their nonsense by the hour.
Here, in my Caxon, that disdains a curl,
The ceremonious *Tye* of Barrister
Loquacious, boasting its redundant locks,
I laugh to scorn. Externals I despise.

104 *The BLOSSOMS of HELICON.*

Tho' *character* much-fam'd for aspect sage,
Nor less renown'd for vacancy of thought,
Should strongly plead for Privilege of Form.
Formality — what's that? a public cheat
On common sense — that struggles hard to make
Her spurious Guinea pass for sterling gold,
Who, bankrupt like, rears high her haughty head
Blust'ring superb, to catch the vulgar eye,
And to elude Suspicion's eagle-watch.
But half the world are prostitutes to form,
And gravity of brow. Hence swarms each street
With *Æsculapian* wigs. The beardless youth
Hight Pharmacopolist, e'er yet he knows
The painted gallipot's contracted terms,
His master emulates, and tucks his locks
Beneath a load of scientific hair.
Thus Tonfor-arm'd, and dangling clouded cane,
With solemn step, and forehead wondrous wise,
Stalks forth the great phænomenon abroad,
Looking august importance. Hence the fee
Of Counsellor enlarges. 'Tis the fun
That sheds a lustre round each dunghill thought,
And to the barren boy from Guardian's chain
Enfranchis'd, gives a *Lyttletonian* grace.
Without it, what were medicinal skill,
Or what the deep *sarrago* of the Law!
Who would commit his fever-burning pulse
To bag-wig Doctor? Or who state his case

To Chamber-council, if he wore his hair?

Mean time, with dumplin hard and bacon firm,
The oblong culinary board is spread.
Ceres is there in shape of lusty loaf
Aduſt, adorn'd with many a mark oblique,
Device of houſewife; and the good old Knight,
So univerſally careſs'd is there,
Hight *Sir John Barleycorn*. In nappy ale
Nut-brown he ſtands, inviting to the taſte.
The clock ſtrikes three. *In* pour the ruſtic rout,
And at the ſight of ſtranger doff their hats
With complaiſance uncouth. A native bluſh
Pictures each honeſt weather-beaten face,
That rivets my regard. At length appears
With implement of labour in his hand,
The farmer boon, and on his open brow
Sits Hoſpitality array'd in ſmiles,
While Health preſents him with her freſheſt roſe.
Fat *Plenty* round his ſwelling waſt robuſt
Her belt has buckled, and athwart his ſhoe
Frugality has ty'd her leathern thong.
Jocund he comes. Behind, his watchful dog
Cloſe cringes at his heels, an emblem ſtrict
Of rare fidelity. Bluſh, mortals, bluſh!
And learn one grateful leſſon from a brute.
He comes. His dame ſurveys him with a ſmile,
Firm token of his welcome. Round her neck

106 *The Blossoms of HELICON.*

His brawny arms he throws, and greets her well.
 Then lolls in cushion'd chair. Nor long he sits
 Before he spies his friend, whom clouds of smoke
 Pipe-issuing, at first from view conceal'd.
Me narrowly he kens from head to foot,
 Then recollects the features he had lost
 Of *quondam* schoolfellow. What raptures then
 Enſue! The hearty manual ſhake, the hugg
 Cloſe-gripping, and the tear affectionate
 Dewing his manly cheek. Senſation ſoft!
 Real and tender, worthy Friendſhip's name.
 Now ſcenes of former proſpects ruſh to view,
 Heart-pleaſing. Fond enquiries then ſucceed
 Of brother playmates in the days of ſchool:
 And while we talk of ſeparated friends,
 Some dead, and ſome to foreign climes remov'd
 Beyond Hope's teleſcope, deſcends again
 The tear humane, and mutual is our grief,
 For mutual was our love. "But come, quoth he,
 "Cheer up, nor let thy courage be caſt down,
 "Thus runs the good old ſong. See there, my
 "friend,
 "The table ſpread, and on't a ſav'ry hock,
 "Remnant of ſtitch well-dry'd. Fall to, quoth he,
 "And eat thy fill—right welcòme as myſelf."
 So ſaying, from his leather ſheath he draws
 His knife, but newly ground, and inſtant cuts
 A ſliver longitudinal, enough

To startle invalid. To see him bolt
The thick, firm slices down with relish due,
And gulp the fatt'ning bev'rage, rouses up
My lingring appetite. The jovial train
Entrencher'd round, he views with eyes of joy,
And universal merriment presides.

Here, Luxury, thou nymph of squeamish taste!
Be present — from thy shaking, nerveless hand
Drop thy provocatives, and learn how much
Of lusty Health, on Exercise depends.

The Dinner o'er, each to his station hies
Light-hearted. While before the chimney side
Straddles my honest friend in easy chair;
I creep to fav'rite corner. There my pipe
Pleas'd I resume, and on my finger nail
Knock out the remnant ashes. Streight my host
Presents his pouch, stuff'd hard with *Indian weed*,
Fragrant as nosegay in the month of *June*.
Enters the housewife with a jagg replete
Of home-brew'd, produce of the last year's crop.
We drink — then gaily fill our clay-form'd tubes,
And drink twice more before we light. So
Convivial maxim. Whoso breaks this rule
Subverts the chart of *Bacchanalian* mirth.
To fragrant leaf we then the coal apply,
And give it scope to burn. Attend the fumes.

108 *The BLOSSOMS of HELICON.*

In aromatic wreath, high over head
Forming a clouded canopy. There tranc'd
We sit, nor envy aught beneath the Moon.

Ye Sons of Care! on pinnacle of state
High elevated, hither turn your eyes,
Look down, and pity if ye can. Avaunt
Your garter'd honours, and your titled names!
If for these toys the unpolluted heart
Must barter its integrity. Farewel!
(When all the sparks of honesty are quench'd)
Content of mind, that life of life below,
And faithful *Index* to the life to come.
Farewel all mirth! the retrospective thought
That on the roll of Mem'ry fees no ill
In *CAPITALS* recorded, oh, farēwel!
What can compensate for the loss of peace!
What lenient balm the torment can assuage
Of troubled Conscience! or what opiate lull
To placid slumber, when Reflection keen
Her bitter, counteracting potion holds!
Ever, dear Honesty! be thou my guide,
And I shall walk unerring. Guardian Peace
Shall smooth my pillow then, and pleasing dreams,
Unknown to wicked Wealth, compose my mind.

But see! the daughter of my happy friend,
The darling of his genuine love, advance,
The Child of Innocence, and by her side

A lamb, associate meet, whose head she pats
In fondling attitude. The nursing meek
Licks in return her soft good-natur'd hand.
More pleasing far this scene of rural life
Than all the strokes the Painter's pencil gives;
'Tis Nature in its purity, and needs
No artful light or shade to trick it off.
Quick to her father's loving knees she clings,
And prattles amiable. The kiss sincere
Of mutual love is interchang'd. Excess
Of tend'rest rapture fills the mother's eye.
Throughout the scenes of Nature, is there one
Like this, that dawns such gladness on the soul,
And bliss beyond conception, but of those
Who taste connubial joys? How sweeter far
The face of *Cupid* looks, when he vouchsafes
To sit with *Hymen* in the bow'r of Love,
Than when he roams at large! Ye libertines!
Who in the fever of high spirits stray
Thro' Pleasure's paths delusive, where the thorn
Lurks in the foldings of the rose, oh! say,
What are your transports when compar'd to these?
Painful similitude! For once confess
Your conduct wrong. Confess it, and reform.

Think not, ye few select! of letter'd fame,
Deep-vers'd in classic lore, that Ignorance
Reigns here: for on the decent cleanly shelf,
Displays *Religion* her immortal page

From family to family transmitted down ;
And many a curious volume here is found
Didactically penn'd, nor is there lack
Of books amusive, such as prompt the cheek
To wear the dimple of a harmless smile.
Such is my comfort, such my honest joy,
In rural *Chimney-corner*. Nor, ye Great !
On whom kind Fortune sheds her welcome smile,
My taste despise. For if at me ye laugh
Yourself ye satyrize. Like me ye love
The country's healthy fare. Like me ye prize
The *Chimney-corner*, and at vacant hour
Eager as fish at fly, ye gladly seize
Fair Opportunity. Behind your chaise
The full portmanteau stands, and down ye whirl
Uneasy, till ye reach your little vill,
The solace of your souls ; where Silence leads
To moralizing Thought, and calm Content
Denies old Care his entrance at the door.
Away the Daemon steers his weary flight
On cumbrous wings, to atmosphere more dense,
And seeks his native mansion of the Town.

ODE to EVENING.

THOU tranquil daughter of the Day!
On whose fair face autumnal Zephyrs play;
O'er whose serene unclouded eye,
Sol sheds the mildest lustre of the sky.

Thee, undisturb'd, oh! let me hail,
And tread the carpet of thy verdant vale;

Near which, with bonnet wheaten-bound,
Sits *Ceres* list'ning to the sheep-bell's sound;

Or let me woo thee by the stream
Obliquely gilded by the western beam,

While flies and gnats unnumber'd throng
And faintly murmur no unpleasing song.

Now to enjoy the silent hour
The lark descends from his aerial tow'r.

Apollo is reclin'd to rest
Upon the down of *Amphitrite's* breast.

The bird, who loves the coming night,
Hoots querulous, and flaps his wing for flight.

With wheeling plume the bat flits by,
And mocks th' imperfect motion of the eye.

The buzzing chafer here and there
Spreads his gauze wing, and spins along the air.

But dark-ey'd night (so Heav'n ordains)
Comes nodding on, and blackens all the plains.

112. *The Blossoms of HELICON.*

The pleasing scenes, which Nature drew,
Are clouded o'er, and vanish'd from the view.

The splendid Morn, the noon of day,
And all the shades of Ev'ning are away;

But soon the splendid Morn, again
Shall radiate all the firmamental plain,

And soon the Sun's meridian ray,
Zenith'd on high, shall give us back the day;

And Ev'ning! thou, with aspect bland,
Shalt pour thy lengthning shadow o'er the land.

Such is thy pictur'd life, oh man!
Which daily dies, and fades as it began.

Thy infant Morn shall sink away,
Thy Noon of youth, and Ev'ning age decay.

Then Death shall wrap thee in his urn,
For dust thou wert, and shalt to dust return.

• *The HARVEST.*

ANOTHER morn of *Autumn's* fav'rite list,
Adorns the world --- now *Labour* well-em-
ploy'd

Divests the rich fields of their golden robes ;
Or hand in hand with *Plenty* sings high praise
To him, the *God of Harvest* ; by whose laws
Nature preserves her beauty, and bestows
Her copious blessings to sustain and cheer.

I catch the grand theme, and with you, ye bards,
Whose notes sincerity alone inspires,
Beneath yon spreading oak tree, or beside
That murm'ring stream, attune my vocal lyre,
To laud the *God of Harvest* : Hail ! all hail,
Thou wondrous Author of the beauteous scene !
Thou infinite, allwise ! Let ev'ry morn
Wake with our songs of gratitude, each eve
Be sweet and peaceful with the pious strain.
What ! tho' rough labour's still incessant arm
The fat glebe turn, and o'er the furrows cast
The germinating seed, while *Hope* looks on,
And counts on future increase—'Tis not his
To promise, but depend ; depend on *Thee*,
Who giv'st the soil fertility, who giv'st
The swift descending show'r, the gentle dew,
Or Winter's fleecy snow ; prolific all,
All friendly ; — who nor ceasing to be kind

114 *The Blossoms of Helicon.*

Bidst the bright *Eye of Day* with warmer beams
Of love to sparkle, and prevail on earth
To yield up all her treasures. Now the year
Is joyous all around. Nor noxious blights
Ravag'd the springing blade; nor furious storms
Affright th' ingatherer; while with eager hand
He grasps the sickle, binds the golden sheaves,
Or piles the groaning carriage for the barn,
Attended shouting! — Happier, lovelier scene,
And sweeter music far, than from the mouth
Of deep-mix'd trump, as move the victor train.
Is heard. Destruction that, but this pure Peace,
And social good the echoing air proclaims.

Let Pray'r be join'd with Praise — While thus
we sing,

The *present* for the *future* we implore;
Still Beneficiaries on the Hand divine.
Still may the Earth its genial pow'rs retain,
Nutritive, as newly in its lap we trust,
The precious charge undoubting — that each ridge
Soon may retrieve its verdure, and delight
The grateful prospect into future time,
And wake with fresh notes the recording lyre.
Yet, oh! ye mortals! tho' the song be just,
Be duteous — that of favours here below
Repeats the worth — the glory — Nobler good
For man's appointed: nobler gifts adorn
The hand of Mercy; for immortals food;
Bread of eternal Life! by Jesus brought,

The Blossoms of Heligoland 1831

Himself the Bread, his Gospel and his Love.
Nor is requir'd this heav'nly sustenance
Ought less to strengthen, to support the soul,
And fit it for its course ætherial, *1831*,
Than are the pure air, the refreshing stream,
Or produce of the grateful bearing ground,
For animal existence—Hither, then,
Ye Lords of thousand acres! hither come,
With the long tribe to rural toil shur'd,
With the poor gleaners and their little race,
Who gather slender handfuls; to a share
Of heav'nly bliss as large intitled; come,
In deep humility unite your strain.
And oh! my soul, I charge it still on thee.
By all the pow'rs, thy num'rous-pleading wants,
Thy large desires, by every privilege,
Mark'd on the *Book of Promise*—by that Hope
Supreme, that gilds thy solitary hours;
What time thou holdst from mortal bus'ness freed
Of mental converse; and adoring hymn'st
Eternal Providence—'tis thine to sing
“The God of Harvest is the God of Grace.”

Newport,
Isle of Wight.

W. SHARP, Junr.

• On RETIREMENT.

I.

GRACIOUS Pow'rs ! convey me where
 No tumultuous throngs appear.
 Far from bus'ness, far from noise,
 Far from flatt'ry's syren voice,
 Far from envy, free from care,
 Let me taste the vernal air.

II.

Bear me to some silent grove,
 Sweet recess of peace and love,
 Where each lofty sacred tree
 Shrines some sylvan deity,
 Where secure the feather'd choir
 From the haunts of men retire.

III.

Where the tow'ring beech's shade,
 Far projecting o'er the glade,
 Casts a pleasing gloom around,
 Where a thousand flow'rs abound,
 Where the languid primrose blows,
 And the purple violet glows ;

IV.

Where the balmy woodbine's charms
Crown the oak's protecting arms,
Where the fragrant hawthorn's bloom
Far extends its faint perfume,
Where the clasping ivy twines,
And the ruddy king-cup shines.

V.

From a neighb'ring mountain's side
Let a murm'ring current glide,
From the mossy cliffs distill,
Purling on in many a rill,
Whilst the lark's pindaric strains
Echo o'er th' adjacent plains.

VI.

Still to make the scene more fair
Let my *Delia* meet me there;
Delia's presence would improve
Ev'ry beauty of the grove,
Give each flow'r a fresher dye,
Brighter azure to the sky.

VII.

In the soft sequester'd shade,
Soft *Erato*! heav'nly maid,

VII 18 The Blossoms of HELICON.

With thy melting airs inspire
Me to strike the warbling lyre,
While the cavern'd rocks around
Pleas'd return th' enchanting sound.

VIII.

Venus, to complete my joy,
Hither send thy potent boy,
And in this auspicious hour
Let my *Delia* feel his pow'r;
Solitude can often move
Hearts of adamant to love.

IX.

But what language can reveal
Joys which lovers only feel,
When the sympathetic pair
More by looks than words declare!
What soft cares, and pleasing pains,
Hold each willing heart in chains!

X.

Joys, like these, shall bless the swain
Who can *Delia's* love obtain;
Delia, gen'rous, virtuous, free,
All that woman ought to be,
Judgment, mildness, sense refin'd,
Join to grace my charmer's mind.

XI.

Roseate health, fair peace, gay pleasure,
Sweet content, and balmy leisure,

Fairest of thy sex! be thine.

Delia's heart alone possessing,

Ever blest, and ever blessing,

Let, ye Pow'rs, let this be mine.

• The DEATH of LAURA.

I.

SHE'S gone—the chaste, the lovely maid is gone,

Low in her coffin virtuous *Laura* lies;
Pale are those lips, that once the rose-bud sham'd,
And sunk the starry brilliance of her eyes.

II.

Yet on her cheek the faint carnation dwells,
As loth to leave a residence so fair;
Yet on her cheek the dimpled smile is seen,
That in her life-time she was wont to wear.

III.

But hark! how dismal tolls the parish knell,
While ev'ry stroke renews poor *Colin's* woes;
Frequent he sighs to hear the doleful sound,
And down his cheek the liquid sorrow flows.

IV.

He lov'd the virgin—she, too, in return,
Gave the fond shepherd her sincerest vow;
But envious Death the nuptial rites debarr'd,
And way'd his leaden sceptre o'er her brow.

V.

Little he thought the ribband, that he gave
The charming damsel at the village fair,
On such a sad occasion would be us'd,
And serve, (when dead,) to bind her shining
hair.

VI.

Now decent moves the slow procession on,
Six white-rob'd nymphs the fun'ral pall su-
stain;
Follow a number of dejected friends,
The weeping *Colin*, foremost of the train.

VII.

What sad sensations labour in his breast,
While the good priest performs his sacred
trust!
What sadder still, when he these solemn words
Repeats — “To ashes, ashes; dust to dust!”

VIII.

Oft to the church-yard, does the youth repair,
Where his true sweetheart's lov'd remains are
laid,
And pouring there his luxury of grief,
Bathes the green turf, that wraps his clay-cold
maid.

IX.

A neat white rail, set off at either end,
With emblematic characters of Death,
Holds forth her name, her parentage, her birth,
And shews the day, when she resign'd her
breath.

X.

Well may he mourn — for from their infant day
No mean deceit these tender lovers knew:
On faithful friendship's unpolluted stem,
The enlarging buds of their affection grew.

XI.

Together did they revel on the plain,
And o'er the meadows took their ev'ning
walk;
Together sat they on the green-sward bank,
And mingled harmless kisses with their talk.

XII.

For her he'd rob the hazel of its nut,
And strip the dark-brown mantle from its head;
For her with nicest touch would he select
The strawberry, blushing in its verdant bed.

XIII.

Pity all ye! whose gentle bosoms feel
The force of love, with its delightful pain.
Pity poor *Colin*! let no harsh reproof,
No slight regard accompany the swain.

XIV.

Love, potent Love, beyond all other ties,
With strongest chains confines each willing
slave ;
Its firm sensation grows into the soul,
And bears its votary beyond the grave.

A BALLAD.

I.

YE Swains ! that insult o'er my woe,
 And make me the jest of the green,
 What I suffer, ye slenderly know,
 My *Phillis* ye never have seen.
 O ! she's lovely as thought can express,
 As gentle and mild as the dove :
 I saw her — and who could do less ;
 I saw, and I could not but love.

II.

I ne'er told her the anguish I bear,
 She might think me presumptuous and bold ;
 Ah ! what need of words to declare
 What my eyes must so often have told !
 How shall I my love recommend !
 I may rob all her heart of its ease ;
 And sure I must dread to offend,
 Whose study is only to please.

III.

They tell me I'm pensive and grave,
 Not as formerly cheerful and free ;
 All pleasures contented I wave,
 That spring not, my *Phillis*, from thee.

Nor riches nor grandeur I mind,
Nor titles to flatter my pride ;
To me, if the Nymph is unkind,
All the world is a desert beside.

IV.

At each scene of the well-fabled woe,
Where sorrows so forcibly speak,
I mark'd the soft current o'erflow,
And the tear gently steal down her cheek.
I mark'd it ; and, trust me, ye fair !
It pleas'd me such softness to see.
Can she melt at a fancy'd despair,
And not have compassion for me ?

V.

Her voice sounds so silverly sweet,
When she tells me there's hope for her Swain ;
I could lay down my life at her feet,
But to hear the dear accents again.
In expression let others excel,
My love is a stranger to art :
It may be I speak not so well,
Yet, trust me, I speak from the heart.

VI.

May thy days to thy wishes be blest !
Mayst thou never have cause to repine !

126 *The BLOSSOMS of HELICON.*

Or, if sorrows thy bosom molest,

Oh! tell them, and they shall be mine.

Will my fair one my service deny?

My presumption will *Phyllis* forgive?

Contented for her I could die,

With whom 'twould be Heaven to live.





* THE
 PEDICULAIAD,
 OR,
 BUCKRAM Triumphant.

I Do not now, as erst, invoke the Muse,
 Who from the *Aonian* Mount, or sacred Spring
 Of *Castaly*, aided the soaring Bard,
 Sage *Melesigenes*; nor her, who since,
 Bore our great *Milton* with advent'rous wing
 Beyond the visible diurnal Sphere;
 But great *Sartoria*, cross-legg'd Goddess, thee,
 And thee alone, I supplicate, Do thou,
 (Whether in *Gallic* palaces, where Pomp
 Eternal empire holds, thou reign'st superb,
 Or on the banks of gently-murm'ring *Tame*,
 Supreme of Rivers, hast thy fragrant seat)
 Assist my Numbers, and my spirits raise
 Quick to the heighth of this great Argument,

128 *The BLOSSOMS of HELICON.*

Unequal else and weak. Thou from the first
 Hast been, thou art, and to the end shalt be
 Invok'd on like occasion, of the clan
 Hight *Sartors*, num'rous vermin-breeding race.
 Tutelar Queen! Now, now, I feel thy force
 Elastic swelling in my veins. My soul,
 Tow'ring in airy car, looks down on earth,
 And earthly things, with scorn, seeking a name,
 A deathless name, and meditates to sing
 Wars yet untouch'd, high matter in high verse:
 The Wars of *PULEX* and *PEDICULUS*.

High on his shop-board in exalted state
 Preeminent sat *Buckram*, full of thought,
 And wan with care. Upon his faded brow,
 Entrench'd with many a frown, pale Discontent
 Hung lowring. Inward Anguish tore his soul
 And deep Despair. Thrice he essay'd to speak,
 And thrice his words fell inward, unpronounc'd.
 The moody frontier of his awful brow
 Reclin'd upon his hand latipatent.
 Within the regions of his bristly hair,
 Forest well tenanted, enwrapt in heap
 Of scurfy dandrin, sage *Pediculus*,
 Against the cabbaging fraternity
 Inveterate, lay lurking: small but proud,
 Nor deigning to inhabit other seat
 Than the imperial Capitol. Long there

The BLOSSOMS of HELICON. 129

Had he possess'd a safe untroubled seat,
Unrivall'd, undisturb'd : but at the touch
Of finger, back retiring, fled amaz'd,
The fatal teeth of ivory or horn
Sore dreading ; nor did freezing Terror leave
His stagnate veins, till on the spinal bone
Seated triumphant, his heart swells with pride,
And glories in his flight prudential — Flight,
Which oft when Reason prompts, when Danger
 bids,
Brings greater glory than victorious arms.

Here, credulously safe, secure of harm,
As meaning none, the affrighted wretch recalls
His dissipated spirits, and exults
Viewing the country round ; collected then
He scorns all thoughts of fear, as always prompt
To plunge into the buckskin, yawning wide,
Not for such habitant, but fit prepar'd
For superfluity of cloth and silk.

Liv'd in these shades a lawless race of Fleas,
Blood-thirsty, riotous, by nature arm'd
With glitt'ring scales, bold in attack, and swift
As modern Gen'ral, in a wise retreat.

Whilst in these shades the scarce recover'd
 wretch
Rov'd harmless, forth the daring champions rush,

130 *The Blossoms of HELICON.*

Inhospitable crew, the stranger deeming
 Or enemy profess'd or spy conceal'd,
 And of their puissance vain an easy prey
 Mis-judging. He, defenceless and alone,
 The united flock sustain'd, and in himself
 Collected, turn'd the terror on his foes.
 Fir'd with resentment and vindictive rage
 He gives a loose to death; vast heaps of slain
 Around him fall, and o'er vast heaps of slain
 He urges on resistless, hanging o'er,
 With blood-dimain'd claws, the dastard necks
 Of flying foes. They now their rash attempt
 Too late repent, and in their wonted haunts
 Seek peace, seek safety, from the avenging wrath
 Of foe implacable: But in their haunts
 Nor peace nor safety find. The avenging foe
 Ev'n there pursues, and in their dens destroys.

Thus, when an eager band of treachers vile,
 Presuming on their numbers, dare attack
 Some single chieftain, great in deeds of arms,
 Fam'd in romance, *Cyrus*, or *Artaban*,
 Or *Oroondates*; with deserv'd contempt,
 Conscious of innate virtue, he receives
 Their weak essay, and his high brandish'd sword,
 Sure instrument of death, unerring falls
 Swift as a whirlwind on their craven crests.
 Pale Fear prevails, and universal rout;

With gen'ral horror, and confused cry
Of dying Fleas ; which, as their Monarch heard,
Dauntless he issued forth, the cause to learn
And to redress. Upon his awful front
Pale Anger sat, and overweening Pride
Contemptuous low'r'd. Vain of his boasted
strength,
And vaunting in his might, full oft approv'd
In perils imminent, and hardy deeds
Of Chivalry, for battle he prepar'd,
Breathing defiance. From his Eyes stern Rage
Indignant flash'd. Him with less Rage, but not
Less Courage, and superior Skill, engag'd
His opposite, determin'd. Never met
In interchange of gallant hardiment,
Knights better match'd—*Pulex* in flow'r of youth,
And Prince of vigour, thirsting for renown,
Bold, but unwary : his antagonist
Better'd by age, an hardy veteran,
Valiant, and to his valour temperate :
By long experience tutor'd ; in resolves
As wisely slow, as bold in execution,
Deliberately brave. Such were the Knights,
And such they met in arms. Vast throngs of
Fleas
Arranged stood, wav'ring 'twixt Hope and Fear,
And doubtful of th' event. With equal chance
Long fought they ; and the scales of Victory

132 *The Blossoms of HELICON.*

Equally pois'd, hung dubious. Now with shouts
 The glad spectators greet their valiant King,
 Superior deem'd. Him, neither strength, nor skill
 Superior render'd, but blind Chance, 'gainst which
 The greatest Puissance fights with vain assay :
 For, whilst the stranger Knight, prepar'd to end
 At one decisive blow the combat fell,
 And meditating death, collects his strength
 In one vast stroke, his watchful enemy
 Great *Pulex* leaps aside, escapes the storm,
 And the whole blow is spent upon the air.
 The eluded warrior, thus by chance betray'd,
 Fell prostrate. Him the insulting foe with taunts
 And menaces pursues (Discourtesy
 Unworthy warlike Knight.) But all too soon
 With conscious virtue fir'd, and noble shame,
 With memory of past exploits, his high
 Renown and glory sully'd, and his name
 For ever lost, unless estsoons retriev'd,
 (*Pediculus* erst vanquish'd) thought arose,
 Unbounded passion and exceeding wrath
 Inflam'd his eyes, and with redoubled strength
 Precipitate he drove the breathless King,
 Weak and despairing thro' the pathless woods,
 Who warr'd not now for honour, but for life.
 In vain, — his foe with sage advisement seiz'd
 Him trembling and unguarded, and with wound
 Fatal and sure transpierc'd his breast. The King
 Indignant fell, and with a groan expir'd.

The BLOSSOMS of HELICON. 133

Thus, whom the Fleas but now had victor judg'd,
And triumph'd in the thought (of fickle war
Disastrous turn) fallen and dead they see,
Mangled and torn by an insulting foe.
They see, and fly—high time for flight, when he,
The bravest of all Fleas that liv'd on earth,
Lay on the ground, a trunk inanimate.

This gen'ral hubbub, and confus'd uproar
Of battle and of flight, from pensive mood
Great *Buckram* rous'd, on some high charge in-
tent,

And mutely fix'd in cogitation deep ;
Or pond'ring with himself, what arts might best
Conceal deformity ; what skill reform,
And mend the errors of Dame Nature's hand :
Or how with likeliest hope he might pursue
Debts long despair'd, patrician ; by what quirks
(In such case just) might gain his right, and arm
Unwilling Justice against those, who plead
A privilege to cheat, by birthright knaves.
Or this, or like to this, employ'd the thoughts
Of *Buckram* sad, and from these thoughts arrous'd
His ready hand, dread instrument of Fate,
To know the cause of this confusion wild,
And insurrection loud — and to inflict
Due vengeance on the author ; thus he spoke,
Loud-menacing : “ Back-biting race ! says he,
“ Rebellious crew ! no more shall ye reside

134 *The Blossoms of HELICON.*

" In easy liberty, and thro' these shades
 " Unquestion'd rove, since therewith not content,
 " Ye penetrate illicit seats, and dare
 " Thus haughtily insult the citadel,
 " Sacred to safety, *Galligaskins* hight,
 " Inhabited by inguinalian race,
 " A race averse to war — Have I for this,
 " Ungrateful wretches, fed ye with my blood,
 " Divisions to create, and strife ferment?
 " But long ye shall not so — with potent hand
 " Your pride I'll tame, and from my shades expel
 " Such abject bands, to wander on the earth,
 " A crew inglorious, outcast, and despis'd."

Thus *Buckram* spake, (unweeting whence the
cause

Of this rude uproar,) and with cunning hand
 And strong, the victor seiz'd, who nought deserv'd
 Or dreamt of harm, his mighty foe subdu'd,
 And all his subjects in confusion fled.

Him *Buckram* seiz'd; — nought now avail'd his
strength,

Nought now avail'd his art, to counterpoise
 The strength and skill of his incensed foe,
 Unequal. Thus, when Chaunticleer, with voice
 Piercing and shrill, and loud applause of wings,
 Proclaims his triumph o'er some haughty foe,
 Deem'd his compeer, and o'er the dunhill struts,
 Supreme and eminent; him from on high

Descries the tow'ring falcon, and with flight
Insidious, sailing round and round in air,
(Occasion spy'd,) with unexpected swoop
Seizes and bears away, weak with late fight,
In vain reluctant thro' the wide expanse.
Thus falls by fraud stout Chaunticleer, and thus
Fell great *Pediculus*. Him *Buckram* held
Captive, than falcon fiercer and more fell.
"Cease, says *Sartoria's* offspring; cease, fond
wretch,
"By vain attempts of subtilty or strength,
"To hope escape and life; death thou hast de-
serv'd,
"And certain death shall be thy punishment."
He said, nor deigning farther speech, forth drew
Capacious urn, which thro' misfortune mourn'd
Loss of one ear; the outside with colour shone
Cærulean, to the brim with liquid brine
Replete. Into this vast abyss, the flood
Of death, noisome and foul, *Sartoria's* son,
To mercy deaf, the supplicating Louse
Flung fierce, and whilst he sung, "Curl, briny
flood,
"Thy saffron wave," said he. The briny flood
Obedient rose, and curl'd her saffron wave
Indignant, and high over-arch'd ingulph'd
The trembling wretch. So, when in hot pursuit
The valiant son of *Peleus* (to compare
Great things with small) slaughter'd the Trojan
host

In *Simois* flood, *Simois*, partial god,
 Arose, and with tumultuous billows arm'd
 Had overborne him (nought his strength avail'd,
 Or courage) had not *Vulcan* interpos'd
 And sav'd the sinking Chief. Him *Vulcan* sav'd;
 But to our Hero's suff'rings and distress
 The Gods were deaf, nor Heav'n would inter-
 pose:

Yet in this peril, sad extremity,
 He, from extremity receiving strength,
 Strove thro' the flood, and on the vessel's brim
 Crawl'd silent, greatly glorying to have 'scap'd
 The deadly brine. And now kind flatt'rer, Hope,
 With gentle dawn of joy assures escape.

Affurance vain! *Buckram* from first to last
 Discern'd him, seeming not, and with a smile
 Mingled with rage, half smile, half frown, "In
 vain

" You struggle, simple fool; vain are your hopes
 " Of 'scaping death again. Once 'scapt, your life
 " Is forfeit to my rage; and be assur'd the forfeit
 " You shall pay. Should Mercy smile,
 " And prompt to save thee, yet desire of Fame,
 " And a new title purchas'd by thy death,
 " Of which my eager soul conceives warm hopes,
 " Will stifle mercy; therefore thou shalt dye,
 " Glory determines it." He said, and seiz'd
 With hand relentless the half-dead wretch (of
 chance

Example sad) and on his deadly nail,
His broad thumb nail, extended him, of hope
Devoid, for death prepar'd, not suppliant now,
But dauntless and resolv'd. With fatal crush
'Twixt nails conjoin'd, *Sartoria's* cruel son
Prest his ill-fated captive, who convuls'd
With agonizing pain, roll'd his wild eyes,
And with a dreadful crack indignant died.

S T A N Z A S

Occasioned by the DEATH of his late
MAJESTY.

I.

AS late I mus'd, from Observation free,
Beneath a weeping willow tree;
The scenes of War revolving o'er,
And sighing at the Woes of poor *Germania's*
shore:

II.

Sudden the sky grew dark. The Lord of Light
Withdrew his chariot from my sight.
Black look'd the river's troubled surge,
While o'er its banks the Raven croak'd his sul-
len Dirge.

III.

I turn'd around; when strait my wondring eyes
Saw *Britain's* guardian Genius rise.
The lustre of his cheek was fled,
And with a comely grief was bent his awful
head.

IV.

His manly sorrow touch'd my aching heart,
And in his tears I bore a part.
Prone to commiserate and relieve,
I ask'd, what new distress occasion'd him to
grieve.

V.

Then frequent sobbings from his bosom stole,
That spoke the pathos of his soul.
Full bitterly he wept, and weeping said—
The good old King, the venerable George is
dead.

VI.

“ Who but laments the doleful tale to hear !
“ Each gen'rous Native sheds a tear ;
“ And proud Rebellion in her turn
“ In mournful attitude stands pensive o'er his
urn.”

VII.

Here paus'd the Genius — strait his hands he
wrung,
And ev'ry action was a *Tongue*,
Expressive of the mingled pain
His overflowing breast had labour'd to sustain ;

VIII.

When sudden he resum'd—"I will not mourn,

" 'Tis vain to wish his dear return."

"I will not mourn," he deign'd to say,

"Since *Britons* bow the knee unto his Grand-
son's sway.

IX.

"Sweet are the Virtues that adorn *his* mind,

"To soft Benevolence inclin'd,

"Ever sincere, and ever free,

"As this his native Isle, the Land of Liberty.

X.

" 'Tis he shall break the thirsty Lance of War,

"And place fair Peace in Triumph's car;

"A Pyramid of Fame shall raise,

"And live to hear, and to deserve his People's
Praise."

XI.

Instant the fable clouds began to fly;

Serenest look'd the vivid sky;

And on his heav'nly-burnish'd Throne

The Lord of Light with rays of brighter Glory
shone.

XII.

The streams exulted — and, to shew their pride,
Devolv'd a stately, silver tide ;
The Nereids rear'd their dewy heads,
And wav'd their sedge-wrought bonnets in their
liquid beds.

XIII.

Once more the joyful birds attun'd their throats,
And pour'd the sweetest length of notes.
From hill to vale, from plain to plain,
All, all was Mirth, was Love, was Harmony
again.

ON
THE DEATH
OF

ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN.

OH! say, *Melpomene*, thou Queen of Tears!
When private Virtue dies, art thou not
seen

Frequent in all the humility of Grief
Binding the cypress wicker round the turf
Where he, who once possess'd it, lies inhum'd?
And wilt thou now thy sympathetic sigh
And tenderness refuse, when *Britain* feels
A public loss, when iron-hearted Fate
Summons the Great BOSCAWEN from the
world?

Approach! and as e'er-while each *Briton's*
heart

Danc'd with exulting joy, when welcome tale
Of glorious Conquest, or Atchievement high
Plann'd by his naval Mind, to *Albion's* shore
O'er the broad bosom of the smiling Deep
Was haply wafted --- Shifting now the scene

So bid each *Briton's* pensive eye distill
The tear of Gratitude — So bid each heart
Drooping thick throb with undissembled grief.

Ah me! without this Invocation's aid
The gen'ral plaint I hear, his conduct hear
Recounted universal — See the drops
That manly souls would hide — in vain — the
drops

True to the grateful impulse of the heart,
Rush from their humid font, and roll amain
Down the warm cheek their emblematic tide.
E'en *Neptune* weeps. His mighty bosom heaves
Convulsive. From his azure-shining hand
The trident sinks. To mitigate his grief
He calls the Tritons from their chambers green,
And ev'ry Nereid from her coral bed.
The Tritons issue from their chambers green,
And ev'ry Nereid from her coral bed
Up-rises, — and, the woeful cause made known,
Each Triton hangs his wave-encircled head,
And ev'ry Nereid rends her liquid locks.

Well may thy sons, O *Gallia*, now rejoice
Triumphing, well attune the sounding chord,
And swell the voice of Music. For the cloud,
That hung its splendid fleece athwart our Isle

144 *The Blossoms of* HELICON.

With influence benign, and all thy plains
In darkness wrapt, is vanish'd into void.
Yet let not thy Ambition dress her wing
To dare a loftier flight — For *Britain* yet
Has Eagles to send forth, to mount above
Thy feeble stretch, and dash thee from the Sun.

* CHEVY CHACE.

Fragment of a PARAPHRASE.

*From private feuds, what dire misfortunes flow!
Whate'er the cause, the sure effect is woe.*

TO drive the flying deer with hound and horn,
In Henry's reign Earl Piercy took his way,
And much the child may rue, that is unborn,
The hunting of that memorable day.

“ The chiefest Harts in Chevy-Chace to kill,
“ In spite of all, who dare oppose my will,
“ Three summer days I'll exercise my bow.”
He said — and bound it with a solemn vow.

This Douglas heard, and to Earl Piercy sent,
That he would thwart his arrogant intent.
The English Earl, with soul estrang'd to fear,
Sped to the woods to chace the fallow deer.
With fifteen hundred men of chosen might,
Who knew to aim their mortal shafts aright.
The first fair day, one hundred had they slain,
And the next dawn renew'd their sport again.

H

146 *The Blossoms of* HELICON.

Swift thro' the woods the nimble-footed hounds
Ran to the concert of accordant sounds,
While ev'ry hill rejoic'd, and ev'ry dale
Caught the loud chorus, and grew musical,
Till, as the pack harmonious chear'd the day,
The distant notes dy'd tremulous away.

Piercy then went to view the fallow deer;
Quoth he, *Earl Douglas* said, he'd meet me here;
When on a sudden turning round his eyes,
Not distant far *Lord Douglas* he espies.
Full twice ten hundred valiant *Scots* he led,
Bent to o'ercome, or die in Honour's bed,
Advancing all with more than common speed,
All men of *Tividale*, fast by the river *Tweed*.

Cease, cease your sport, the noble *Piercy* said,
And take your shafts unerring to your aid.
Now, now's the time your fortitude to shew,
Rouze your bold souls — with native ardor glow.
The champton does not breathe the vital air,
But that with him the feats of arms I dare;
Dare "*beard to beard*" the victory to try,
At all times bent to triumph, or to die.

Earl Douglas mounted on a milk white steed,
That foam'd expressive of his gen'rous breed,
Spurr'd on the foremost, like a Baron bold,
His armour glitt'ring, like new-minted gold.

“ Tell me, says he, whose lawless men ye are,
“ That thus, without my privilege, ye dare
“ In bold defiance to assemble here,
“ And thus, unlicens’d, kill my fallow deer ?”

Fix’d and undaunted, *Piercy* then return’d,
While his great heart with indignation burn’d,
“ Whose men we are, we list not to declare,
“ But here we come to sport — because we dare.”
He spoke — enrag’d at this *Earl Douglas* swore —
“ Insult, like this, I never met before.
“ An Earl thou art, Lord *Piercy*, so am I;
“ I know thee well, and one of us shall die,
“ E’er thus unask’d I will my rights resign,
“ Or shape the structure of my will to thine.
“ But trust me, *Piercy*, ’twere a sin to kill
“ These harmless men, for they have done no ill.
“ ’Twere homicide unjust — let thou and I,
“ While they look on, the single combat try.”
With hasty tongue great *Piercy* then reply’d,
“ Accurs’d be he ! by whom this is deny’d.”

Then step’d forth *Witherington*, a gallant squire,
Replete with spirit, and heroic fire :
“ I would not have, said he, our *Henry* know,
“ That e’er my Captain fought his daring foe,
“ While I with passive eye stood looking on —
“ Perish the thought ! ignoble fear, begone !

148 *The BLOSSOMS of HELICON.*

" While strength my nerves, while courage fills
my heart,

" In this day's drama I will act my part.

" With lion rage my temper'd sword I'll wield,

" And brave the thick, steel tempest of the field.

" Nor, *Douglas*, shalt thou live to see me fly,

" I'll fight for *Piercy*, and for *Piercy* die.

" Come on, then, all — what men dare do, we
dare!"

He said — and brandish'd high his glitt'ring
blade in air.

The signal giv'n, both sides to fame aspire,
Each bold alike, and obstinate with ire.
Full fast each army clos'd on ev'ry side,
They fought like Heroes, and like Heroes dy'd.
No pause, --- no inactivity was found,
While many a squire lay gasping on the ground.
Oh! then the dead, and dying to explore,
The green-sword stain'd with formidable gore,
To hear the groans of that ill-fated day,
The cries, that frightened ev'ry bird away,
To hear the last sad parting of the breath,
And view each face distorted into death,
Would melt ---but here let silent thought suggest,
Let sad Imagination paint the rest.

Then met the Earls —

As when two lions, eager to engage,
Roll their fierce eye-balls, glaring red with rage,

Spring to each other, terrible to fight !
And, blood for blood, maintain the horrid fight :
So these --- till on their brows and blades there
stood,
Huge drops of sweat, huge gout of hostile
blood.

“ Yield thee, said *Douglas*—noble *Piercy* ! yield,
“ To me resign the glory of the field,
“ And *James* our King shall reverence thy name,
“ And ev’ry *Scot* shall trumpet forth thy fame,
“ Advancement high, and honours, shall be
thine,

“ And in our Annals shall thy valour shine.”
To whom the Earl, “ These overtures I scorn,
“ Nor will I yield to any *Scotchman* born.

“ I want not *James* to reverence my name,
“ I want not *Scots* to trumpet forth my fame.
“ I want no titled honours he can give,
“ Nor in his Annals would I wish to live.”

Then from an *English* bow quick whizz’d a dart,
Death-wing’d, and pierc’d Earl *Douglas* to the
heart.

He fell — then raising up his dying eyes,
“ Fight on, my comrades all, he faintly cries ;
“ Fight on, my dear companions, one and all,
“ For why — Lord *Piercy* lives, and sees my fall.”
He could no more — down sunk his languid head,
And with a sigh he mix’d among the dead.

150 *The Blossoms of HELICON.*

Touch'd with his sudden fate brave *Piercy* stood,
And dropt his sword, that reek'd with rival blood.
Then kneeling sad beside his breathless foe,
He curs'd the weapon, that had laid him low,
Grasp'd his dead hand, and clos'd his ghastly eye,
Griev'd that the Chief was fated thus to die.

When he

(Still holding fast the dead man by the hand)
"Would for thy sake that I had lost my land!
"Bleed, bleed my heart! for ever, ever bleed!
"For ever mourn this most unhappy deed!
"Flow, flow my eyes! for never till this hour,
"Did Sorrow shew me half her cruel pow'r.
"O! ill-starr'd Earl! a more renowned Knight
"By such mischance ne'er perish'd in the fight:
"Oh! had thy memorable fate been mine!
"What was my merit, when compar'd with
thine!"

He said — and generously wept — for here
'Twas laudable to drop the manly tear.

Why, *Piercy*, didst thou wish the chance was
thine?

Why didst thou say — "O! had thy fate been
mine!"

Oh! with prophetic! for too true it prov'd,
He soon, too, felt the fate of him he lov'd.

A Knight there was, *Montgomery* by name,
Who rank'd next *Douglas* in the list of fame.

Quick to revenge his Lord, devoid of fear
He spurn'd the ranks, and with revengeful spear,
Soon as the gallant *Piercy* he had found,
Transfix'd him thro' the heart, and pinn'd him
to the ground.

Thus were these Nobles prematurely slain,
Whose high-born Courage never knew a stain.
An *English* archer *Piercy* then perceiv'd
Unjustly fall — and wept; for much he griev'd.
Bent on revenge to strike an honest blow,
With all his might he bent his faithful bow.
Up to the head he tugg'd his arrow tight,
And at *Montgom'ry* aim'd its point aright;
Then straining ev'ry nerve, the bow he drew,
Quick sped the shaft, and kindled as it flew.
The well-directed arrow reach'd the goal,
And pierc'd to death the hero's mighty soul,
So deep, the grey goose wing, that tipt its head,
Drank his heart's feeble fountain as it bled.
Thus for the present ceas'd the rage of fight,
Un-intercepted, till the approach of night,
The Night, that lent her favourable hue,
And veil'd the horrid scene from human view.

O *Witherington*! to future ages dear,
The tragic Muse records thee with a tear.
The hand of Death destroy'd thy manly prime,
And snatch'd thee from the world before thy time.

152 *The Blossoms of HELICON.*

Oh! fatal tidings to a weeping land!
Thy Laurel yielded to his Cypress wand.

Soon as the Sun had trimm'd his golden ray,
And giv'n Earth, Sea, and Air another day,
In sad procession, tragical to name!
A shrieking multitude of widows came;
Came, their departed husbands to bemoan,
Each rëlict felt a sorrow of her own;
Each o'er each corse, in agony of grief,
Twin'd her fond arms, but twin'd without relief,
Relief was absent — vain was ev'ry sigh,
And vain each drop distill'd from either eye.
Prostrate and panting o'er the clotted ground,
Each with her tears bath'd ev'ry husband's wound.
Their honour'd bodies, lac'd with purple gore,
They bore away, lamenting as they bore;
But first a thousand kisses there impress,
And sobb'd their loves on ev'ry clay-cold breast.

* * * * *

• T H E
M A N of H O N O U R.

PROUD Peer! be gone—Shall not my soul
defy

The imperious glances of thy scouling eye!

Sit thou in triumph on the chair of state;

Let lordly sycophants around thee wait.

See! how they tremble at thy stately nod;

They praise, and thou art something more than
God.

Well, be it so—Shall this my thought controul!

Shall this bow down the freedom of my soul!

No—Be thou ten times greater than thou art.

Where is the Peer above the Muse's dart?

At all she strikes, her great, her only end

To be the foe of Vice, and Virtue's friend.

Make nice distinctions betwixt man and man—

Let Fortune make them—I scorn Fortune's plan.

To vicious notions be the Peer a slave,

Behold the Noble bury'd in the Knave.

See how he falters, and Pride weighs him down

Beneath the office of the meanest clown.

What, then, is honour? Is it to be great?

To own the rent-roll of a large estate?

154 *The BLOSSOMS of HELICON.*

Be *that* allow'd—A rogue, a fool may claim
 A legal title to that sacred name :
 In Honour's chair so might the Gamester sit,
 And foreign Statesmen rank with patriot *Pitt*.
 Stand forth, thou boaster of thy noble birth !
 Is that vain gloss thy only plea for worth ?
 Is all thy merit in a pedigree ?
 And could not fate have given that to me ?
 Think, (can'st thou think ?) some hundred years
 ago,
 Thy boasted fathers kept a puppet-show ;
 Perhaps by arts ignoble, noble made,
 Vice patroniz'd, and turn'd into a trade ;
 They cogg'd the die, thy present fortune won,
 And Tyburn ended what the game begun.
 If wilful faults contaminate thy mind,
 And mark thee out a nuisance to mankind,
 What matters, who was thy reputed sire ?
 'Tis just the same—a Cobler or a Squire.
 The real Man of Honour is not *he*
 Whose merit terminates in heraldry.
 This may be purchas'd—Pay the proper fee,
 O *Niger* ! and a crest belongs to thee.
 'Tis *he*, who differs from the vulgar throng,
 Whose faithful heart is prompter to his tongue ;
 Who feels, and cherishes each social tie,
 Firm to his trust, and alien to a lie ;
 Whose gen'rous eye with pity's tear can flow,
 The tear, that starts in pain for other's woe ;

The Blossoms of HELICON. 155

Who pays his debts, uninfluenc'd by the Law,
First made to keep the shuffling cheat in awe,
Establish'd with propriety and skill,
To keep so many just against their will,)
Whose active mind's for ever on the wing,
To serve at once his country, and his King;
The tender husband, and the faithful friend,
On whom his *foe* with safety may depend.
Where shall I find this Picture of a Man,
Finish'd, with all these touches, to my plan?

Persons of Honour are another race,
Too often dignify'd with pomp and place.
The man who boasts his titles, and his crest,
May feel no pulse of Honour in his breast.
O'er all his splendor, Vice may hang her cloud,
And wrap the Herald's glory in her shroud.
Too oft he gains with all a traitor's art,
An undue influence o'er the virgin's heart,
Then leaves her hopeless, destitute, and bare,
Till the wretch dies a victim to despair.
Too oft he treads the vulgar path of shame,
And all who know him, damn his hated name,
Risques children, wife, and fortune on a bett,
And pays a pimp, before he pays a debt.
To such a man, before I'd bend my knee,
In mean expectance of a servile fee;
E'er at his table I would deign to sit;
And, 'gainst my reason, praise his Honour's wit;

156 *The BLOSSOMS of HELICON.*

With him display the pleasure-looking smile,
Or like him censure, or like him revile;
Or sit all-passive, mute at his request,
The constant butt, at which he points his jest,
Sooner near some dark alley would I stand,
With three-legg'd stool, and black-ball in my
hand;

Or with *Toscana* mount my wooden throne,
Decrying all quack *Nostrums* but my own;
Or like some Council in the Hall of Pleas,
Employ my scouts, and snack the dirty fees.
No!—let me speak the dictates of my soul,
In spite of wealth, and titular controul:
And, tho' debarr'd the light of liberty,
Still let my mind, my daring mind, be free;
Be free as air, and happy shall I dwell,
Pleas'd with the key that locks me in my cell.
But ne'er from sacred Truth may I depart,
To nurse that viper, *Falshood*, in my heart!
If such there be — Oh! let me mourn my fate!
Crush'd be the monster in its infant state!
To full maturity ne'er may it grow,
To make my life one scene of restless woe!
Cælestial Goddess! innocent as fair,
To thee thy votary prefers his pray'r:
Beam o'er my mind, Oh, Truth! thy steady ray,
My fancy prop, and animate my lay.
What! tho' the Muse no sounding trope affords,
While Thought sinks flound'ring in the swell of
words!

The Blossoms of HELICON. 157

Where Metaphors, and florid Numbers fail,
Thy potent Inspiration *shall* prevail.
The Liar's efforts thou alone canst crush,
And bid the harden'd villain learn to blush,
Canst bid the pris'ner spurn a King's reprieve,
And make him leave the world, without a wish
to live.

What shall we say to those who borrow fame,
From the false lustre of an airy name?
Who pay the exacted fees, and meanly fawn,
Merely to have the title of Sir *John*.
In elder times, when Heroes took up arms,
And heard with joy the trumpet's loud alarms;
When patriot spirit urg'd them to the field,
And fortitude their daring bosom steel'd;
When martial conquest gave her laurel'd crown,
And stamp'd it with her signet of Renown;
Then Knighthood, that distinction of a name,
Was superadded, to augment their fame:
Around its owners dazzling light it threw,
That brought their past atchievements back to
view.
But as 'tis courted in these modern days,
It beams no spark, it pours no ray of praise.

No small amusement is it to observe,
How from each other men's opinions swerve.
One thinks the greatest honour he can bear
Is the furr'd gown, that outside of a May'r.

158 *The Blossoms of HELICON.*

The gawdy coach, and gayly-ribbon'd steed,
 Who but the simple-minded vulgar heed ?
 The proud-lac'd liveries his servants wear
 May make the gaping sons of folly stare ;
 And wond'ring school-boys with delight may hail
 The mimic hero in his coat of mail.
 But when the long Processionade I pass,
 I can't help smiling at the grave grimace.
 The motley figures put me oft in mind
 Of Punch, and all his Puppet-crew behind.

A second thinks his Honour will increase,
 If he can act as Justice of the Peace.
 The name of Worship has a pretty sound,
 And claims the homage of the parish round.
 Besides, (for so his Worship's rank allows)
 It gives a plume of honour to his spouse ;
 And female restlessness must be pleas'd ;
 No peace at home if *Madam* is not pleas'd.
 With married man throughout the stage of life
 Things *must* go well, if he consults his wife.
 Pleas'd to the soul he gives to harlots laws,
 And sifts the very cinders of each cause ;
 For petty faults commits the lower tribe,
 But winks at greater—for he loves a bribe.
 With mighty consequence he shakes his head,
 And talks of statutes that he never read,

Not far from *Hampshire* liv'd a Country Squire,
 Whose name I don't remember, or desire.

To ev'ry bumpkin did his look strike awe;
He humm'd and buzz'd—the Oracle of Law.
It happen'd, that a neighb'ring farmer found
Some dozen hogs that trespass'd on his ground.
Enrag'd at this he posted in a trice,
And gravely ask'd his Worship's grave advice.
His Worship grave each folio aft turn'd o'er,
And turn'd and turn'd, till he could turn no more,
Then strok'd his chin, and with a grave wise
look,
Declar'd he could not find it in *that* book;
But he would instantly write up to town,
And have the *last new Hog-Act* sent him down.

Avarus claims his Honour from his land,
And large possessions at his sole command.
Far as the eye can reach, the soil's his own,
And ev'ry stile and gate are his alone.
What then — perhaps more honour may be found
In the laborious slave, who ploughs his ground.

Another gains true Honour's genuine Dubb,
If he can rule at a Disputing Club.
What were the old Philosophers to these,
Who solve the most important points with ease?
For sterling sense their own opinions pass,
And, match'd with *Jeacock*, *Plato* was an ass.

Superbus thinks all real Honour lies,
In the vast concourse of a full Assize;

160 *The Blossoms of HELICON.*

Provided he's appointed to the Chair,
And shines the Sheriff of the County there;
Pleas'd to be star'd at by the standers by,
But more, if he can catch his Lordship's eye.
Fine honour this — when all that one can say,
He's but, at best, the Hangman of the day.

Not then from outward glare does Honour rise,
Mere paste-board shew to dazzle vulgar eyes.
Superior to the mean controul of Art,
It springs from Truth, and centers in the heart;
It hates, and shuns the splendor of a Court,
To rural shades contented to resort,
Smiles at the mode of sublunary things,
Nor looks with envy on the pomp of Kings.
Thou! then, who wouldst perpetuate thy name,
And shine a Planet in the Orb of Fame,
Dare to be honest — daring 'tis, indeed,
In this vile age, where Falshood runs to seed.
Some few there are, and those but very few,
Who keep this darling object in their view.
Then follow these — no shame to copy where
Originals are visible and fair.
Guided by this, thy floating bark shall ride,
Safe down old Time's unfathomable tide.
Spite of the waves, that would obstruct thy
 course,
'This cautious pilot shall repel their force,

The Blossoms of HELICON. 161

Soon shall the thunder of the tempest cease,
And thou shalt land upon the shore of Peace.

Now bear me! from false Honour's tott'ring seat,
Nor let Ambition prompt me to be great.
If (e'er I wear Preferment's ample crown)
My mind must harbour vices not its own,
If sordid Flattery must warp my heart,
And Truth is forc'd to act a scoundrel's part,
Bear me! O bear me to some rural cell,
Where genuine Freedom and Contentment dwell;
Far from the foul corruption of the Town,
Where the gilt chariot wheels no villain down.
There, while the sails of Fancy are unfurl'd,
Let me forget the bustle of the World;
On tow'ring Thought's expanded pinions fly,
And reach some unknown world beyond the sky.
Or, (if unequal to the distant flight,)
Be humbler meditations my delight.
Let me attend to Philomela's strain,
And hear the concert of the bleating plain;
Or view the swans, that with unequall'd pride
In all the pomp of stately plumage ride.
Whatever thought shall fill the fleeting hour,
Let pure Content be present in my bow'r.
Touch'd by the impulse of her magick wand,
I feel the movements of my soul expand.
Unclouded Fancy, potent in her sway,
Beams o'er my mind her vivifying ray.

162 *The BLOSSOMS of HELICON.*

Each lucid river wears a brighter face,
And ev'ry flow'r looks ting'd with double grace;
Looks sweeter ev'ry scene that meets my eyes,
And all the landskip round is *Paradise*.

F I N I S



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